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POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.



A HARLOT'S VENGEANCE.

HOW AN AMERICAN ADVENTURESS GOT EVEN WITH A NOBLE LOVER WHO HAD ALL HE WANTED OF HER, AND GAVE HIM MORE THAN HE HAD ANY USE FOR.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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VICE UNVEILED!

THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!

WHAT THEY ARE—HOW THEY FLOURISH, AND WHO FREQUENT THEM.

A Splendid Series of Pen and Pencil Pictures of the After Dark Life of the Metropolis, now Being Published in

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE poker is evidently a great deal deadlier weapon than the sword in our regular army, oh!

PATTI'S voice is breaking down at last. A prolonged course of Nicotini and champagne are doing their fell work.

DAN O'LEARY will be in big luck if he don't have to perform a championship feat of pedestrianism back from Australia.

DENIS KEARNEY seems to have come down to hard pan. That is what generally happens to a gas bag when it is pricked.

SULLIVAN and Slade have made a match—on paper. But there is a great deal of difference between shedding ink and blood.

A MAN went crazy in a church here last Sunday. He couldn't stand his religion so strong, and hadn't sense enough to change his tippie.

HUMBURG Mapleson won't bring his Petticoat lane opera troupe over next season, and people with ears for music are correspondingly happy.

OUR new Society Editor's name is not Hildebrandt Montrose, but he can discount Hildebrandt on his give aways, as he will prove next week.

A CONVENTION of cross-eyed men is to be held out West next fall. It is to be feared that they will do some crooked work before they adjourn.

A WOMAN advertises for a set of false teeth which she says she lost at a matinee. What was she doing with her mouth while the play was going?

BILL TRAVERS' accident is said to have been so serious as to nearly shake the stutters out of him. His physicians fear, however, that this result will not be permanent.

NEXT week our Society Editor will commence his duties. As an addition to the attractions of the POLICE GAZETTE, our Society Editor will be found an eminent success.

SCOTLAND took the bun at the challenge trophy shoot at Wimbledon, on the 16th. As Doctor Johnson once remarked, there is nothing a Scotchman won't take—if it is worth taking.

THE elevated railroad and the Brooklyn bridge are to be connected after all. It now remains to be found out how much elevated stock was divided among the bridge trustees on this little deal.

GERMANY has now gone into the business of "assisting" her paupers to come over and live off of us. Old Limburger is slow, but sure. Only point the road out to him and he'll get there every time.

IN response to requests of the Vanderbilts, Astors and other of our leading wealthy families we have secured the services of a Society Editor, who will commence his revelations of the mysteries of high life next week. If his budget isn't rich, rare and racy, it won't be either his fault or society's.

THE HOTTERTOWN, Pa., Bugle, says the POLICE GAZETTE is one of the landmarks of our modern civilization. Right you are, Bugle, Whoever blows you understand his art.

A PERSON who signs himself "Divine," writes to inform us that our Religious Editor is a "ribald fellow." We won't write to inform him what our Religious Editor thinks of him. It might hurt his feelings.

OUR dramatic department, it will be noted, is livelier and nastier than usual. That is not our fault though. There are more of the "profesh" in town to make beasts of themselves, and we only chronicle their doings.

DENIS KEARNEY didn't capture New York as he expected. He found that his name was really Denis. Now let him drop to himself, and retire to private life in that house of his own in San Francisco, which he blows so much about.

AS usual, Courtney came to the fore at the Ogdensburg race—with his tongue. Courtney is a terrible worker with his tongue. If he could or would handle his hands half as industriously as a great many of his friends would be better off in pocket.

THE Cunard company has ordered more steamers to accommodate its business, but we don't hear of any American line investing any of its money that way. We may have bested John Bull ashore, but he can knock us out afloat yet every time.

ANOTHER POLICE GAZETTE capture. M. Mitchell, the sheeny street fakir and bail jumper, has been captured in Cincinnati through the portrait we published of him. A list of the captures which the POLICE GAZETTE has thus facilitated would fill a book.

THE Witch of Wall Street is evidently a real devil when her blood is up. It was impossible to keep her quiet while she lent distinction to the aristocratic circles of metropolitan life, and it seems that she hasn't succumbed to the influences of Western civilization yet.

NOW we may expect Vanderbilt to get into trouble. He has issued an order against women bringing their pet dogs into his cars. The free and independent American citizen may stand being cursed, but the ladies, bless them, will stand by their curs, as he will discover.

THE Sporting World is a new comer in the field of journalism. It belongs to Washington, D. C., and is as full of good things as an egg is of meat. It is well edited, well made up and well printed, and if it don't make a fortune for its proprietor it will not be because it doesn't deserve to.

JEM MACE now runs England down whenever he gets a chance to talk to a reporter. In England he ran America down, and in Australia he said neither England nor America were fit for a white man to live in. It is a cold day for Jem when he can't make himself solid with the natives, you bet.

OUR Mormon brethren never do anything on a small scale. They marry, make converts and massacre their enemies by wholesale, and now it seems they divorce their wives with dynamite. At least that is the plan one of their bishops adopts to cut down his family expenses, and it saves no end of hard swearing and legal fees, not to mention its advantages in the way of alimony.

THERE are some people who get meaner as they grow richer. A sample pair are the uncle and aunt, millionnaires themselves, who are now contesting the will of a nephew in this city, because he dared to leave the money which belonged to him to the wife he loved. They allege that he was insane, but they are not likely to find a judge crazy enough to share their opinion.

SOMEBODY ought to write up the skins of the Vanderbilt railways. They would make a volume as big as a Webster's unabridged. One of them is the newspaper business on the trains. The Vanderbilt train boys charge double prices for all the publications they vend, and if the public remonstrates against the swindle it gets an insolent, "Well, we ain't making you buy 'em." This is the Vanderbilt way of running business all through, however. "The public be d—d," says he, and the public takes it.

A ONE armed girl married a fellow in Texas, and he undertook to bully her, because she was a cripple, on her wedding night. But she wasn't to be bullied. She rammed half his teeth down his throat with her stump and nearly bored a hole through the back of his head. He now says that if she had had no arms at all he is sure she would have killed him, and he has taken a pledge before a justice not to provoke her wrath again. They evidently make a good breed of girls down in Texas, however poor stuff their legislators may be composed of.

A MAN fell from the top of a ten story house and the newspapers which chronicled the casualty, gravely announced "the unfortunate man died." Is it possible! What trifles some weak constitutions will succumb to.

OSMOND TEARLE says the revelations of his domestic villany by his wife's suit for divorce have diminished his popularity as an actor. So they should, Osmond. If you got your dues you would enjoy no popularity at all.

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know if it isn't about time for Richard K. Fox to build a church for some champion congregation. By no means. There is crookedness enough in the world without any more churches. If any one wants a jail built for disgraced parsons, send the subscription list this way, though.

A FEMALE broker is being prosecuted in Philadelphia by the customers she fleeced. These fair operators on the public confidence are so rarely brought to justice that it is pleasing now and then to find one put on the rack. Now let the court deal out the same justice to her as it would to a man in her place.

GENERAL TOM THUMB is dead. For a very little man the General was a very solid one. There is many a six footer who would be well off if he had the genuine manhood this historic dwarf carried in his diminutive body. The General was a thoroughbred and he will be missed far more than a bigger man might be.

THE Coney Island boats are laying themselves out for a way-up accident. If there isn't a wholesale murder among them before the season ends, call us a victim of a mistake. Why is it that the steamboat laws are never put in force here? Lord knows there are enough of them to protect the public if they were only executed.

A MASSACHUSETTS preacher wants to know what such a paper as the POLICE GAZETTE exists for. Why, to give you away, parson, when you are up to any of your dirty tricks, for one thing. If we did nothing but that in all our career, we would be conferring sufficient benefit on the public to warrant our continuance as the greatest illustrated sporting and sensational paper in the world.

AND now Jem Mace says he wasn't knocked down by the English lord. Of course not. He was knocked down by him for England, because it is an honor to be knocked down by a lord over there. But here he'll have to be knocked down by some more potent authority, most likely a sheriff's officer, unless years have not impaired his old agility and he can make another retreat in time.

THE Salvation Army publishes a paper, which it uses as a sort of programme of its epileptic religious performances. The late D. M. Bennett was sent to jail for publishing a less ribald and indecent work. But then Bennett made no hypocritical pretence of being what he was not. He was only an honest man who did not believe in God, not an immoral thief who made the cant of religion help out his dishonesty and depravity, and he was punished for daring to have a mind of his own and say he had it.

THE Rev. Chas. F. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, is a model New York parson. He is a hotter hunter after the almighty dollar than even the pastor of Plymouth church, but there is nothing worldly about him for all that. Oh, no, not at all. But we would advise the doctor not to get up an join a society for the suppression of the POLICE GAZETTE as he threatened last Sunday. It wouldn't be safe. The POLICE GAZETTE is a very big and a very great paper, and if a little man like the reverend doctor were to run against us he might get worse hurt than he did at the time the papers described how this fat salaried servant of the Almighty turned starving men, women and children from his door because he was opposed to indiscriminate charity.

SOME gentlemen up in Stillwater, N. Y., have testified their appreciation of our efforts and sacrifices in the interest of American sport by forming themselves into a club under the title of the "R. K. Fox Gun club." That supernaturally feeble and tenth rate parasite on sporting journalism, which calls itself the Forest and Stream, remarks on this: "If the 'R. K. Fox Gun club' cannot find another name for itself it ought, in the interest of respectable glass ball shooting, to disband or go nameless." If the Forest and Stream cannot do any more to justify its journalistic existence than fling mud at people more prosperous than itself it ought, in the interest of respectable journalism, to settle its unpaid printers' bills, pay its starving composers, and sell its fixtures for old lumber. Why, by the way, don't it do so anyhow. No one will miss it, and only the waste paper dealers will mourn its loss.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

CAST iron—Flat-irons used for missiles. Misses don't count—Except in the Treasury Department.

THE man who was cured by a mesmerist says he was trance-fixed.

THE only kind of weeds that are easily exterminated—a widow's.

A BACHELOR compares a shirt button to life, because it too often hangs by a thread.

A GAP in the carving-knife betokens that a spring chicken has been in the house.

THEY have a brand of whiskey in Kentucky known as the "Horn of Plenty," because it will corn you copiously.

MUSICUS: Very fugue good jokes can be made on contrapuntal subjects, but paragraphers frequently polka little fun at dance tunes.

FASHIONABLE ladies with short sleeves wear their bracelets above the elbow. Policemen continue to put theirs on the wrists.

A CHICAGO man has composed a piece called "Full of Joy Galop." The picture on the cover represents a man dancing with another man's wife.

SOME one wants to know why Nilsson announces every concert she gives in Boston as a "farewell." Because she does fare well, every time.

TEN billions of hairpins are manufactured in this country annually, and yet they are not sufficient to prevent a hair getting into the butter now and then.

FIRST small girl: "I know what I am going to be when I grow up!" Second ditto: "What are you going to be when you grow up?" First small girl: "A widdler!"

A PHILADELPHIA man who has tried it tells us that the only reason why a sufferer's head don't come off when having a tooth pulled is because the tooth gives way first.

"IT is no use," said the policeman to the sufferer whose pocket was picked on the Fourth of July, "for you to put a guard on your watch, unless you also keep a watch on your guard. Move on."

"SILENCE in the courtroom there," thundered a police magistrate in Dallas, Texas, the other morning. "The Court has already committed four persons without being able to hear a word of the testimony."

A LIQUOR seller presented his bill to the executor of a deceased customer's estate, asking: "Do you wish my bill sworn to?" "No," said the executor; "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that he had the liquor."

A PLANT has been found that cures bashfulness. It should be promptly tried on the man who leaves the hotel by the back window because he is too diffident to say goodbye to the cashier and clerk.

"THEY say Charley has married. Do you know his wife?" Is she a woman of any intelligence? Is she well-informed?" "Well-informed! Well, I should say so. She has belonged to the village sewing circle for ten years and never missed a meeting."

"WHAT do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" indignantly inquired a fashionably dressed young lady of a conductor of a fearfully over-crowded tram car the other day. "A good deal like crushed sugar, Miss," said the conductor. And the lady stood up and rode four streets further with the smile of an angel.

A NEW YORK bird fancier paid Mrs. Langtry the most graceful compliment she ever received. Admiring a beautiful dove in the shop, the beauty expressed a wish to have it. "Madame," said the old man, glancing at the Lily's symmetrical shoulders, "I would offer you the whole bird, but the wings seem to be all that you need."

CITY boarder to farm hand: "Why does that odd looking toad make that curious noise?" That rooster that jest crowed? Oh, that's just a way he has, ma'am of signifyin' that he's a highflyer from up the creek, and can lick all creation, and that he is happy because he ain't old enough by eleven years to make a pot-ple for summer boarders."

SPEAK gently; especially to the big man with a round head and square neck and two big fists like ancient stone hammers. Speak gently to him. You may touch some long hidden chord of sympathy in his hardened breast that may cause him to pass you by uncrushed. But the little white faced man on crutches—oh, you may sass him all the way round the block.

Do you want to see some fun?" said a small boy to his father. "Don't care if I do," he replied. "Well, let's go and listen to Deacon Dumpty tack down his carpets." "I don't think there'll be anything funny in that," scornfully snorted the parent. "Don't eh? You seem to forget that the deacon stutters." "Ah," said the old man. Then they went over to hearer.

THE president of an insurance company has addressed the following note to one of its policy holders: "It has come to our knowledge that you have written several spring poems with the intention of offering them for sale to the public press. I write to say that if you persist in your purpose it will work a forfeiture of your policy. You only pay the ordinary rates, and we always classify spring poets as 'extra hazardous.'"

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep"
sleepily repeated a little Dracut girl after her mother one night not long ago. Then she stopped. "If—if—" her mother suggested. The little one hesitated a moment, half opened her heavy eyelids, and then continued, pausing long between the words:
"If I had a—cow—that gave such—milk
I'd dress her—in—the—finest silk.
Amen!"

WHITE DOG, the aged chief of the Ogallallas, has an ear for science, and has made cyclones an especial study. He announces that he understands them. "Me catch on cyclones," he says. "Big wind in cloud. Blow wigwam way off. Spit fire. Make roar like five big herd buffaloes. Always go that way (pointing to the northeast). Me see plenty of them—more than twenty. When he come Indian he down on his belly and grab soapweed and grass. Ugh! Big wind!" It will be seen that White Dog is abreast with the pale face in his science of the cyclone.

STAGE WHISPERS.

What the Winds of Scandal Waft from the Wings.

How Lisa Weber Is Going To Give High Art a Shake Up, with other Richnesses.

CAZURAN is blooming like the Rose, particularly like that of the Marshal Cochineal variety.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL got \$25 worth of editorial notice in the *World* last week. It was neatly done and Bartley says he is well satisfied with it.

"ME ant mein brudder Bolossy" are in the agonies of preparation for Excelsior. If it should turn out a failure, what weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth there will be in Israel!

CHARLEY "CHUMP" DAVIS, the Man-With-The-Chandeller-Drops-In-His-Shirt-Front, is to produce a new comedy of real life. It will be called "Progressive Insanity," and he will play the appropriately named part of *General Faresia*.

"FLIPFLAP BOB" is in town swilling champagne by the gallon and pretending to superintend the overhauling of the Bijou. "Bob's" object in grabbing it is a mystery, as it is much too small for the production of his favorite speculation, horse opera.

THE moment it was whispered that Mapleson would have to go through next season on his own hook, Abbey received applications from his entire American staff—by cable from those who could afford it, and by mail from those whose resources were only equal to a three-cent stamp.

SALMI—with Mount of Olives—Morse, has nothing to do with the Twenty-third Street theatre. He is bending all his energies to the publication of a book of fairy tales of the nature of an autobiography, in which he hopes to loom up as the only living equal of the late lamented Baron Munchausen.

"BOB" MORRIS is authority for the statement that Charles L. Davis has provided his band with instruments of solid gold and silver. This astonishingly silly boast is gravely made in the dramatic columns of the *Telegram*, and argues that Morris is either as senseless as Davis or as venal as—never mind who.

SAMMY of the Entrails is going to raise his abdominal blockade of the Fourteenth Street theatre next week. The Cincinnati speculation has got such tight hold of him that he can with difficulty possess his soul in patience to wait until the season closes. Sammy's experience with hams has been so large and his sympathies with the hog have always been so acute that he can't help being quite comfortable in his new place of residence.

THE joint copartnership Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt and Stockbroker Mora in Wallack's company has been dissolved. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, although dissatisfied with the unequal way in which the dividends have been declared, will not apply for the appointment of a receiver. Anybody who wants a statement of the firm's business, with a detailed list of receipts and expenditures, must go to Saratoga, where daily publications are made by the stockbroker of the condition of the concern.

ALMA STUART STANLEY, "deah gyurl," is *ony roof* (as Eben Plympton would say) for home. She has discovered a sudden interest in her ma, and is about to pay the good old lady a visit. This touching proof of filial devotion has brought tears to the eyes of Ella Wesner, who says she has never loved any girl so much as she does Alma since she had a falling out with Blanche Selwyn. The fact that Miss Stanley promises to return with Annie Gilchrist, is the one consolation left to the coterie that makes its headquarters at Madame Prescott's & Co.

"DIZZY DAVE" DALZIEL is going to Europe shortly. The rumor that his effects will be attached before he gets on the steamer is a trifle premature. The Dizzy One is not to be caught napping in any such manner. He is going abroad on a Cunarder at reduced rates, but it is safe to say that the deputy sheriffs will do their hunting on the Inman or the National docks. Poor old Lingard will see him off in the desperate hope that "Dizzy Dave" will make an attempt to balance their account before he starts for his "family mansion" and "ancestral park," in the Strand, London.

POOR old Silme is in a peck of trouble. His two boys are worrying the life out of him. One of them is accused by a very charming member of the profession with having seduced her into a mock marriage, and the other is threatened daily with the prosecution of a breach of promise suit. Poor old Silme's only comfort is the son whom he dedicated to the priesthood, because, as he himself has frequently put it, "he actually didn't know enough to go in the house when it rained." What with these sons and his son-in-law the old chap is on the highway, he declares, to die in a poorhouse.

THE failure of "Colonel" Mapleson (who, by the way, is a Jew actually named Mablestein) to connect with Gye's crowd in London leaves the field to Abbey. This is a pity. It would have been delightful to see the two cormorants reduced to mutual starvation. There is one thing to be thankful for, however, and that is the enforced absence of the greasy garlic-ivorous Angelo, who will not no longer press his paunch against the inrush of ladies at a matinee, or pour his hot and fetid breath down their necks as they struggle past him, after the fashion of auld lang syne. For this relief, much thanks.

It is a sweet comment on the way in which managers regard the Actors' Fund, that among the custodians of it is a person whom another custodian says he had to dismiss from his own service for peculation. The dismissed man, who may be entirely innocent by the way, so prone are theatrical "gentlemen" to defame each other, is put forward in a strange light by his colleagues, in relation to the Fund. Although too much of a thief to be trusted with his manager's money, he is quite honest enough to continue in charge of the actors' cash. No wonder, when one keeper of the purse accuses another keeper of being addicted to robbery, that the Fund has to be so thoroughly protected that not even its intended beneficiaries can get at it.

McKee Rankin always knows when to attack, like most of the "sluggers" of his profession. For instance, he always let Charley Thorne alone, although Charley Stevenson once knocked that lamented artist end over end in Gilmore's Garden one night, when Thorne's malignant facetiousness rose to a pitch which Stevenson didn't feel like putting up with. But though Rankin's pluck wasn't equal to a bout with Thorne, he was more than eager for a fight with David Henderson, of the *Chicago Herald*, a thin, small, consumptive fellow, who looks as if you could blow him out like a candle with one breath. It is true that the Scotch-Indian was induced, once upon a time, to try conclusions with a big managerial compatriot of his named Shepherd. But the ease and promptness with which Shepherd wiped the floor of his theatre with the Chippewa brave took all the fight out of him, so far as his physical equals are concerned. Ever since that lamentable date he has scrupulously devoted his flaccid attentions to little men.

"ED" RICE has made, so he says, \$30,000 out of "Pop," which of course means that he is some \$12,000 ahead of his season's expenses. It would be hard to find a man who owes money so easily and with such grace as Mr. Rice. Ever since the day his father-in-law—who lacks the long continued benevolence of Silme—shut down upon all further contributions, nothing ruffles him. The unmitigated failure of "Evangeline" in England—where it has been justly pronounced the greatest fraud and humbug ever put forth in the name of American comic opera—has had no effect on him whatever. He smiles as genially and insincerely as usual, and shrugs his shoulders when anybody is rash enough to offer to condole with him.

THE TALBOYS, who is acting as professional clown in the Langtry circus is an ex-reporter of the *Herald*, whose father was an English bookseller and who was Jim Bennett's first English friend. Bennett ran him into the Union club, where he was tolerated for a long time as a teller of smutty stories, and a general dependent on the rich cads who compose that extraordinary organization. Freddy pays his bills at present, and to make himself "good" the luckless Talboys is hard at work repeating the well worn stories of which even the Union club got tired. Talboys will likely get square by getting up a pamphlet minutely describing the Lily at home, in her excursion car, what she wears, what she eats, and other interesting details of her private life.

THE plot of Steele Mackaye's new drama tells of a benevolent but rather "queer" artist in oils, who was influenced by the revelations of a spiritual medium to call on a young playwright just as the latter was about to blow out his brains because his landlord had dispossessed him. The fact that the medium and the playwright were personal friends, and that the medium's vision and its consequence exactly chimed in with the desperate resolve of the young dramatist, is the keynote of the play. The comedy is supplied in the inevitable and unceasing attempts of the young playwright (who is the hero) to blow out his brains—always under pressure of a dispossess warrant. Mackaye has spread himself on this ingenious play, and will probably play the part of the hero himself.

"SKIPPY" HOWSON, the most hard working and industrious actor who ever turned the practice of low comedy into an athletic exercise, has been engaged for next season at Wallack's, *vice* the cast-iron grin of "Billy" Elton returned to his native Heugland. Between Elton's tremendous mouth and Howson's energetic legs there really isn't much to choose. The keen observer who detects food for mirth in a twist of the shank from the heel up, will continue to roar over Howson, just as he who perceives humor in the tremendous jaws of an alligator used to yell over the exquisite moulting of Elton. But to people who can't be kicked into merriment or who don't take a dentist's delight in peering down the gullet of a human being, the prospect at Wallack's next season looks a bit gloomy.

TALK of the vanity of the peacock or the Jackdaw. Why there isn't a single actor living who can't give points to all the peacocks and jackdaws that ever were hatched! Take for example the case of a highly respectable and thoroughly inoffensive, but almost utterly unknown, old party by the name of Flocktor who, so runs tradition, can be found occasionally in a Wallack's cast. The poor, dear old soul, who is probably known by name to five hundred people in New York, is so confident of his far-reaching popularity on the entire American continent that he is actually going starring. He begins at Rankin-vich-Rankin's Third Avenue theatre, and will probably get as far "on the road" as Harlem Bridge. If Jack Hamilton don't bring the good old creature back to his senses, nothing and nobody ever will.

"LEN" GROVER, who is one of the best living instances of the thoroughness with which clever men come to grief when they plunge into the muddy waters of the "profession," is stranded high and dry peculiarly, in San Francisco. Women and cards are the only subjects which have any interest for the average actor and manager, and Grover has not been sparing in his devotion to either. When "Old Fel" isn't "bucking the tiger," he is pretty sure to be bending his knees to the impudent control of some pert, silly and vulgar female. This explains the painful fact that after having made \$8,000 in San Francisco, "Cockey" is trying desperately to raise the price of an eastward steerage ticket. Now that he is plucked clean, the gamblers and the demimonde of the "Slope" ought to chalk the old man's hat as a piece of common decency.

"CAD" SOLOMON, it seems, is a first cousin of that very bright woman and clever actress, Selina Dolara. Like the sensible creature she is she never mentioned the relationship, albeit "Cad" Solomon tried to turn a more or less honest penny by the fact before he returned to his native Haondsditch, *ye know*. By the way, "Pot" Stephens, when he gets sober, is going to write a terrible book on America and the Americans. The fact that we were base enough to own we didn't see, in his comic libretti, where the laugh came in, is what has done the business for us. As soon as he has returned to absolute sobriety "Pot" will let fly his terrible satire as only he knows how. The date of our tribulation can't be very far off, as in England free drinks are not so general as they are in this "blasted country," and so, willy nilly, "Pot" must soon grow sober at home.

GAWGE FOURSHIRT ROWE, my boy, the ingenious author of six of the direst failures that ever paralyzed American audiences with a glimpse of what the drama really means in hands like his, has threatened London with a new melodrama. His friends say that O'Donovan Rossa, remembering "Fifth Avenue" as a sample of what he can do when he feels like it,

engaged Gawge Fourshirt to drop a loaded play on the stage of Drury Lane when the house is as full, say, as wee Willie Winter usually is on a first night. There is a vague rumor that Gawge was originally transported to Australia for what he calls play writing, and that he has returned to London to perpetrate a renewal of the horrible crime under the protection of a ticket-of-leave. Let us pray that the vengeance of the British public will be so swift and sure that Gawge will never return to do it again this side the herring pond.

THE announcement that "Maj.-Gen." McCaull and Arizona Richardson are looking for each other with blood in their eyes and pistols in their pockets, makes even actors laugh. Your "professional," no matter what his relation to the stage, is essentially a non-combatant. He knows the value of his life—to himself at least—and you don't catch him fooling with anything more immediately fatal than a five-finger drink. His heroism usually displays itself in a heated conflict with the gin bottle, which, by the way, he usually downs to a considerable extent before he gets through. Sometimes, as well, his courage inspires him to try an occasional round with a more than ordinarily healthy "tiger"—of the sportive kind, be it understood. But he never fights, in the physical sense, if he can help it, unless it is with the gushing female who calls him "Birdie" and "Ducky," and gives him jewelry for his kindness in taking her out for a drive now and then. This is Richardson's view of the matter also, and the announcement of the major-general's deadly purpose doesn't keep him awake of nights.

FLYCATCHER EDWARDS, of Wallacks, has lost favor frightfully at the Lambs' Club. When the Flycatcher first came from San Francisco, his Olly Gammon manner, his affectionate habit of pawing everybody in range, and the unctuous stupidity with which he told antediluvian stories to the feeble and infirm, who couldn't run away from them, made him an object of a good deal of interest to the rest of the club. He wheedled everybody into voting for him as shepherd and, in short, made himself so overpowering that the silly lambs really began to believe they couldn't do without him. But he grew so tiresome, his stories were so frequently repeated, and he made such a cast-iron nuisance of himself that at the present moment the mere sound of his voice in the vestibule empties the library and the drawing room. The venerable but tedious Flycatcher finds some comfort for the universal avoidance of him in the fact, as he says, that he has got Theodore Moss completely under his thumb, and that before John Gilbert can be cold in his coffin, colder in any degree, than he is now, he, the Flycatcher aforesaid, will be the first old man of Wallack's theatre. It is safe betting, that by the time the Flycatcher will be the first old man of Wallack's theatre, Wallack's theatre will have openly become the theatre of somebody other than Wallack.

THE stage is an "honorable" profession, eh? And actors can "favorably" compare themselves with the members of other vocations, can they? And the life of an actress exposes her to no more immorality or urgent temptation than that of any other woman? Well, how's this true story? Not long ago a tenor singer deserted his pretty young wife, who was not an actress, to take up with one of the most abandoned women on this continent who was an actress. This actress had two sisters who were also "professionals," but in another sense. The tenor was, naturally, pursued by his wife. She came into possession of some of the correspondence between her husband and his paramour. So unutterably, inhumanly foul was the drift of most of it that it needed, to illustrate it, the Pompeian frescoes hidden for decency's sake in the Royal Museum at Naples. The tenor could not say a word against his wife's virtue, but he left her none the less. In sheer despair, friendless and helpless, she took to the stage herself. As a result, one night last week she stood for hours at the side door of a theatre, ostentatiously devoted to "High Art" and the "Pure Drama," in the hope of getting from one lover in the company a little money wherewith to bury the dead child begotten of her by another gentleman of that same honorable, refined and high-minded organization. There isn't a machine shop or a gas works on this globe in which you could find a parallel to this picture.

THE utter and delightful collapse of Mike Rentz-Leavitt in Europe is one of the consolatory incidents of the present summer season. The English press hasn't got words sufficiently strong to characterize his company or its performance. It will, in fact, have to be a day of Arctic temperature when the British provincial public will let itself be left a second time by Mr. Mike Rentz's smutty lithographs and tart show. In Birmingham the popular disgust and disapprobation were so marked and so vehement that if Mike had been anywhere within range of the hurricane he would have got a real head put on him instead of the putty mask which, with its standing grin, does duty for a human cranium in his instance. The idea of a bright, educated fellow like Sidney Rosenfeld acting as jackal for Mr. Rentz and his uproariously criticized "colossal alliance" is enough to bring a blush to the cheeks of all Sidney's friends. It is even betting that before Mike Rentz strikes London the police will have sat down officially on his wall paper, as the public has, unofficially, on his show. A nice representation this of American art and culture and refinement. If such an outrageous travesty on the manners and good taste of this country were attempted by any other profession what a hullabaloo would be made over it. The chief offender being an ex-nigger minstrel of low grade even in that low calling, his accomplices being hamfatters of the most approved variety, and the outrage being committed in the sacred name of "dramatic art," of course it is all right. Faugh! Bring your mob home, Mike, even if they do have to put in a whole week of fumigation at quarantine.

THAT pompous prig, Abbey, will soon be back to face his doom. Abbey owes his reputation to the fact that he never speaks. A more silent man never undertook to manage a theatre. Such an anomaly in a "profession" which talks like a wilderness of parrots, of course, made Abbey a marked man. Everybody felt that here indeed was a bright exception to the general rule. As a matter of fact, however, Abbey doesn't talk because he is, beyond question, a man of unusual stupidity. What people take for wisdom is merely caution. It is said that the monkey can talk, but won't, for fear of being put to work. So Abbey, who has in a measure the gift of speech, keeps silent, so as not to give himself away. He is the Mr. Merdle of the stage, the mysterious gentleman who is always absorbed in vast schemes, according to popular belief, and afterward dies of a razor in a bath tub. Not that any such lamentable end is to be apprehended in Abbey's case. He will perish, metaphorically, of the disap-

pointed hallucination that everybody in New York wants opera, and that he is catering to as urgent a social demand as the universal hunger for roast beef or baker's bread. Whereas, in fact, Italian opera is a luxury called for by fools who want to be considered "fashionable," and despised by thoughtful and straightforward people as the most senseless and anachronistic way in which the claims of music to be considered an intellectual pleasure can possibly be set forth. It is to be feared that the public will say of Abbey's concert what Abbey will ruefully say of Italian opera when both are equally tired of each other, "There's nothing in it."

THAT mysterious crowd, the Edgar Syndicate, is in a dreadful stew just now. A hunchback is said to bring luck, as an usual thing. But in this instance, the charm seems to have no potency whatever. It's all hands round and up the middle. Edgar, who is one of the simplest and most straightforward men in the world, finds that he is being quietly played for a "stall." On the pretext that the Edgar company is organized to support George Edgar, Mr. Moze Edwards, aided and abetted by two ingenious persons, are working at Mr. Edgar's expense to make it a star combination. Edgar is to be given so many nights a week, and then Miss Ada Ward, and Miss Sara Jewett, and Miss This, and Mrs. That and Mr. Tother are to get their little whacks at the public. Edgar naturally looks on it as a confession of want of confidence in him, and naturally feels sore and disgusted. It is quite on the cards that if his temper is tried much more by the rapidly growing insolence of the agents of his mysterious syndicate, he will give the whole concern a cold shake and let them fight it out on their own hook, if it takes all summer before they get home. The idea of starring Sara Jewett never honestly occurred to any man in the full possession of his senses. She is an intolerably affected woman of middle age, who has outgrown her strength, dramatically, and who, at her best, in the namby-pamby drama of Union Square, never amounted to much more than a fair walking lady. Her impersonation of *Ophelia* will be scarcely less funny than Charley Coghlan's attempt to play *Shylock*, as Macklin did, with three hats and a Houndsditch dialect.

Who says the stage is one whit more moral or more decent than the brothel? If anybody says so, let him consider the case of Miss Lisa Weber, a woman of middle age and much physique, who calmly announces that she is going to play *Mazepa* next season. To play *Mazepa*, as everybody knows, is simply to strip one's self almost to the bare skin, to be tied to a refugee car horse, and to be borne by that exhausted quadruped up a carpenter's "run." It is a performance which requires neither art, skill nor experience. All it needs is abundance of flabby flesh to expose and immodestly enough to expose it. Miss Lisa Weber possesses, it is said, both of these undeniable qualifications. So, "in the name of sexless Art," she will take off all her clothes, including her chemise; she will keep a tight fitting silk undershirt on the upper part of her person, and a tight fitting garment, drawers and stockings combined, on her lower half; she will be bound on a car horse in such a manner as shall show to the best advantage all the wobbling and gelatinous projections of her form, and after mouthing the most incredible "rot," will be carried by the animal aforesaid into the upper region of the flies, where the sacrilegious hands of carpenters and scene-shifters will undo the ropes that bind her perspiring nudity and furrow her abundant fat. If she were to try it on in Central Park, in "the name of sexless Art," a big policeman would, very justly, thrust her into a cell in the arsenal. But being an actress, and the "drama" needing a little "artistic" vindication at present, Miss Weber will not only outstrip all other *Mazepas*, but will as well get more or less applause from the daily newspapers for her generous act of self-sacrificial exposure of the person. Nice "profession," eh?

SPEAKING of poor old Lingard, nobody who knows him, however much he may dislike the extraordinary meanness of his nature, can help feeling sorry for him. A more devoted, generous and faithful husband never got, even by accident, into the "profession." He has yielded to his wife's every whim and caprice. He has borne her tantrums with the most wonderful patience. He has humored all her extravagances and affectations. He almost ruined himself in trying, against his judgment and wishes, to make a legitimate "star" of her. And what has been his reward? With one consent everybody describes him as a low, vulgar, uneducated little man, who can't act, and with whom a beautiful, well born, highly educated and marvellously clever lady is utterly and cruelly mismatched. Bosh! Rubbish! Lingard is twice as good an artist as his wife. She is cold, stiff, awkward, and thoroughly devoid of the true dramatic faculty. She has a rich agreeable voice, a round, pig-eyed, unamiable face, a magnificent bust and shoulders, and a habit of posing herself statuesquely like a sculptor's model. Her origin certainly was not superior to Lingard's, even if it was equal to it. When he was a pound-a-week actor she was a shilling-a-night ballet girl. She could barely spell correctly when he had developed into a shrewd man of business. The angular English hand she writes is an accomplishment not more than six years old. Her artistic pretensions of all sorts and kinds are the hollowest sham. Her pictures would make a cat laugh, and her vapourings and mysterious hints (in which she firmly believes herself) that she would have been a second Mrs. Siddons if she hadn't married Lingard, are the veriest nonsense in the world. No woman on the stage ever had such opportunities, and no woman off the stage would dream of making such a fuss as she does over her own incapacity to be anything but third rate. One needn't like Lingard, as we said before, to do him this justice.

A FRIEND TO MERIT.

Richard K. Fox was among the first to show favor to the *World*, and to congratulate us on what he termed "our pluck" to re-enter the journalistic field. From a personal inspection of all the newspaper offices in New York city several weeks past, we unhesitatingly consider Mr. Fox's publishing house the finest and most admirably arranged of any we had visited. His publications, THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE and FOX'S WEEK'S DOINGS, are famed for their enterprise and sporting news. His wealth was attained by close application to business, and his record as an honest expounder of manly sports secured by an open-hearted, clear and magnanimous course. May he always be successful and his shadow never grow less, is the desire of the *World*.—Washington (D. C.) *Sporting World*.



A CYCLONE'S DEADLY WORK.

A BOAT LOAD OF PLEASURE SEEKERS CRUSHED UNDER A FALLING TREE DURING A WIND STORM; NEAR ALBANY, N. Y.

The Demon Wind.

A sad accident took place during a wind storm at Albany on July 7, by which two lives were lost and a mother demented. August Ehlers, an industrious molder, his wife Emma, and six children, with a neighbor named Charles Schultz, his son Charles, and Lottie Smith, the six-year-old daughter of another neighbor, were enjoying themselves by a row on Island creek, when they saw a storm approach-

ing. Schultz, who was rowing, pulled in to the shore where there was a clump of trees, under which they could secure shelter until the rain had passed. They had hardly touched the bank when the storm broke. The wind partook of the nature of a cyclone, tearing and twisting the trees. A large elm tree was torn from its roots and fell across the boat.

Some men who were near by rushed to the assistance of the party. They found Ehlers with the baby, George, 17 months old, on his shoulder,

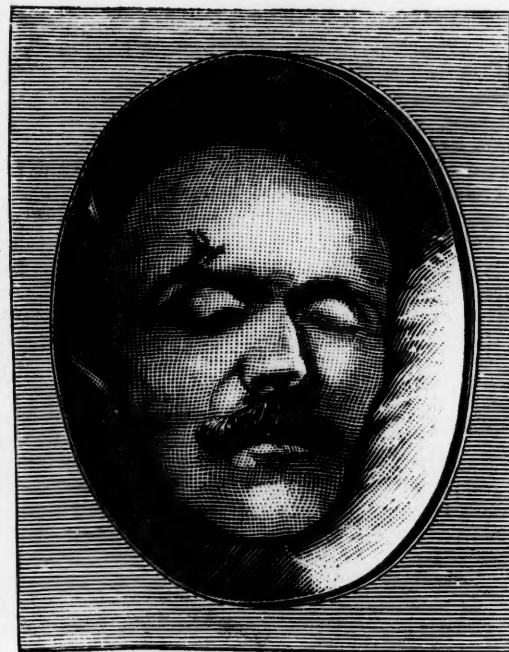
as if he was about to jump ashore, when the tree fell. One of the huge branches, eighteen inches in thickness, lay across his body, which was crushed and bruised, while a deep gash four inches long extended diagonally across his face, forehead and right eye. The baby's skull was crushed flat. The boat was broken completely in two and sunk even with the gunwales. With the greatest difficulty the men succeeded in removing the body of Ehlers from the wreck to the shore, where it was taken in charge by

Undertaker Foll. The grief of the mother and children who were thus suddenly deprived of their sole support was terrible to witness, and strong men who helped to remove the bodies wept like children. Mrs. Ehlers was nearly crazed by her affliction, and it is feared that she will never recover from the shock.



BLESSING HIS CROPS.

THE DEVICE BY WHICH AN INDIANA FARMER BELIEVES HE WILL SECURE A GOOD HARVEST AS WELL AS MAKE HIS COLLEGE-BRED DAUGHTER USEFUL.



FRED. FRITZLER,

PORTRAIT OF THE BURGLAR, KILLED IN JERSEY CITY, AS HE LAY IN HIS COFFIN.

Fred. Fritzler's Tragic Death.

The ghastly head protruding from the opening of an ice coffin is a faithful portrait of Fred Braun alias Axt, alias Fritzler, whose killing at the hands of two Jersey City policemen has already been related in the POLICE GAZETTE. Fritzler, who is a New York criminal of old standing, had crossed the North River on July 9 for the purpose of breaking into a store in Jersey City. While so engaged he was interrupted by Policemen Donnelly and Reynolds, both of whom he succeeded in wounding very severely. Donnelly fatally wounded Fritzler.



ALEXANDER BOYER,

WHO MURDERED ROBERT SIMPSON IN YORK STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Thomas Costello, the Celebrated Jockey.

Mr. George Lorillard's first jockey, Thomas Costello, or as he is generally called, "Tommy," is one of the best known jockeys of the American turf. His career extends back only a few years, and is likely to close as a rider with the present season, as his rapidly increasing weight renders it extremely difficult for him to ride less than 118 lbs. Costello in his career has ridden many winning celebrities. Greenland in the Fordham Handicap, and Great Metropolitan; Ferida in the great four-mile heat race at Coney Island; Glidolia in the Grand Prize of Saratoga, and many others want of space prevents us mentioning. It is with Monitor, however, that Costello will be chiefly remembered, no rider ever having succeeded in getting that horse to fully extend his powers as well as "Tommy." This year on Monitor he has won the Westchester Cup at Jerome; the 2-mile dash at Coney Island; the 1½ miles at Monmouth, when Bootjack went down before Tommy and "Old Baldface," and last but not least the Monmouth Cup at same place, when Gebhard's Eole was beaten by Costello's superior riding on Monitor, this being the second time Costello having won this trophy, as they both came to the front in 1881. Costello's seat is perfection, and his knowledge of pace superb; his great nerve and strength (for he is a perfect "pocket Hercules"), enables him to win many of his races right at the finish, for we have seen him fairly lift a tired horse over the score a winner at the very last jump. His record and character are also above suspicion.

Monitor, G. L. Lorillard's Famous Racer.

Mr. G. L. Lorillard's famous old horse, Monitor, is the subject of our illustration this week. Monitor is a light chestnut in color, with three white stockings and a broad, blaze face, which renders him very easy to be distinguished in his races. Monitor fairly divides with Parole the popularity which the race-going public always accord to the "old horse," and he is always greeted with a round of applause on his appearance on the track, which is redoubled when he proves winner. Monitor is really a wonderful racehorse; he has been a winner at all distances from three-quarters of a mile to four-mile heats, and a gamer old fellow never looked through a bridle. The crowning victory of his career was achieved July 12, when for the second time he won the Monmouth Cup in unparalleled time, considering the weights carried, beating Mr. F. Gebhard's great horse, Eole, hitherto deemed invincible, at such distance and weights. The enthusiasm was simply immense, both winners and losers joining in a shout of welcome when old Monitor came back to scale. Mr. George Lorillard, his owner, is without doubt the most popular man now on the turf, and the ovation was as much to him as to his racehorse, the public always thoroughly appreciating a genuine turfman and "straight runner," which he has always shown himself to be.

The Monkey Whips the Dog.

John Moore, of Savannah, had a big stump-tailed bulldog, with which he made his living. The brute was ungainly, and had not the appearance of an accomplished fighter, but he always came out ahead, and John took the stakes. One day an Italian came along with a hand organ and a monkey, and the



GEORGE L. LORILLARD,

THE THOROUGHbred NEW YORKER, AND OWNER OF CELEBRATED RACING STOCK

dog man bantered the musician to let the monkey fight the dog, offering to bet him \$5 on the result. The Italian took him up, and a large crowd collected to see the fun. The Italian tossed the monkey on the dog, and in less than a jiffy the little brute had his teeth and his claws fastened like a vice in the stump of that dog's tail, and was screaming like a hyena. The dog gave but one astonished look behind as he bounced to his feet, and made tracks for another country. The monkey held on until Rattler sprang over a ten-rail fence at the back of the garden, when he suddenly quit his hold and sat on the top rail and watched the dog's flight with a chatter of perfect satisfaction, and danced along the rail with delight. The little Italian shouldered his monkey affectionately, and walking up to Moore, said:

"Your dog not well to-day; maybe your dog gone off to hunt rabeet. Your dog no like my monkey—he not acquaint. Maybe ven I come again next year he come back and fight some more."

The dog did not return for three days, and cannot be induced to fight even a common cur. His owner has soured on pure bred bulls, and is looking for a cross with a monkey.

Blood Money.

A new phase has developed in the famous Stickney Campau tragedy, which attracted so much attention at the time of the trial of Stickney in the spring of 1882. Stickney, who accidentally shot and killed the wife of O. H. Devereux while shooting at Campau, in Denver, Col., on May 31, 1881, has transferred to Mr. Devereux about \$10,000 as a part recompense for the terrible calamity which he brought upon that household.

Another Dramatic Victim.

Another victim of the dramatic pestilence. James E. Dawson and his wife Margaret have long been members of the swell "Entre Nous Society" of amateurs in Brooklyn. Mrs. Dawson was, of course, consumed by a devouring ambition to shine upon the stage. She had been married five years and enjoyed every luxury her husband could provide for her in a fashionable boarding house in a swell district. After a time dissensions arose between them, however, Dawson alleging frivolity and his wife cruelty as the grounds for their dispute. Dawson now brings suit against her for absolute divorce. Some time ago Dawson, as alleged, accused his wife of having violated her marriage vows, stating that he had based his information on good authority. He went so far as to tell her that she was too intimate with one Charles R. Jackson, of New York, a note broker by occupation. When the papers were served on her in the present suit she put in a general denial. In her affidavit she says that she had to leave her husband's house because he was in the habit of beating her and driving her therefrom, and that Jackson had protected her from the wrath of her husband. She denies ever having had any relations with Jackson other than those of a friend, which he has proved himself to be. The issue of the marriage is one child.

Her Groans Annoyed Him.

Martin Warren, of 24 Willard street, Boston, must be a nice member for a very small tea party. Martin's wife has been for some time wasting away with consumption, and lay at the point of death. Martin drowned his grief in whiskey, and left her to her guardian angel, except on the rare and brief occasions when he wanted to sleep. On the 10th inst. he experienced a desire to repose and went home. His wife was moaning in agony, and he commanded her to "shut up," as she disturbed his rest. She failed to comply with this reasonable request and Martin became annoyed. Stepping up to her bedside he slapped and spit in her face, besides committing other assaults, the details of which are too revolting to publish. Not satisfied with assaulting his wife he picked the little baby up from the floor and threw it across the room, the child fortunately striking upon the bed. Upon Officer Hayes attempting to arrest Warren the latter assaulted him, and in the struggle gained possession of the officer's club, striking him on the helmet. Just at the opportune moment Patrolman Harris put in an appearance, and by the vigorous use of clubs the officers reduced Warren to a repose even his dying wife's groans could not disturb. He is now enjoying a vacation at the expense of the city, and his wife will have a chance to die in peace.



MONITOR,

MR. GEO. L. LORILLARD'S TRUSTY OLD HORSE, THE WINNER OF NEW LAURELS AT MONMOUTH PARK, WITH PORTRAIT OF TOMMY COSTELLO, THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY.

OTHER FELLOWS' WIVES

AND

Other Girls' Husbands.

THE RICHEST, RAREST AND RACIEST
SCANDALS OF FAST PARISIAN LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabille Unmasked," "The
Prettiest Women in Paris," "Paris
Inside Out," etc., etc.*

IV.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

Guy de Tournecourt, sub lieutenant of the Thirtieth dragoons, had been detached as third orderly officer on the staff of Gen. Bourgachard during the manœuvres of the Fourth corps upon Paris.

The colonel of the Thirtieth knew perfectly well that he had sent his most brilliant officer to the General. It was seven years since the regiment had quitted Paris or Versailles, and there was grumbling in other corps. But was not the Thirtieth absolutely the crack regiment of the army? The sentinels who mounted guard at the barrack gates, were they not superb specimens of manly physical beauty as well, if white pipeclay can do that for the man? The colonel knew this and was proud of it, but the Minister unhappily did not share either his pride or his opinion. All the world knew that Gen. Bourgachard had the Minister's ear, and an officer elegant in appearance, well drilled, a good horseman, a perfect gentleman, could not but make a good impression for the regiment that he represented, and when at the coming review at Vincennes the magnificent squadrons would sweep past, the attention of the General would naturally be called to this particular regiment, the Minister would take part with the General, and the terrible dreariness of quarters in some remote province, away from the mad, bad, glittering gayeties of Paris, would be shelved for at least another year.

The colonel gave the young officer the most precise instructions at parting.

"My dear boy," he said, "I am entrusting you with a mission of absolute confidence. Understand me well; the manœuvres of the Fourth corps may prove of great value to you personally, but what I want to do above all is to please the General."

"Colonel," said Tournecourt, bowing, "you may rely upon my zeal."

"I am certain that you will very quickly gain over the general, but your presence is needed to help the entire regiment. Thus, you see, in conversation you can adroitly slip in some remark upon the admirable condition of the regiment, the discipline, the *esprit de corps*. This is a question of tact. When you get the chance speak a little about myself, the progress I hope to make by aiming to have everything correct, and the affection my dragoons bear toward me."

"Affection? Why! It is idolatry, Colonel."

"Idolatry perhaps is too much; however, I know that I am popular in the ranks. I rely upon you. Do your very utmost!" and the colonel gave a parting shake to his lieutenant's hand, who some hours afterwards set out for the Fourth corps with his horses.

The general's division was situated on the banks of the river Volse, between Maintenon and Arcueil, and Gen. Bourgachard, with his staff, was quartered in the Marquis' house at Maintenon.

At the moment of Tournecourt's arrival the court of the Marquis' residence was filled with soldiers of every grade, upon whom from the heights of a gilded balcony, two gendarmes gazed fraternally under the rays of a superb sunlight. Tournecourt flung the reins of his horse to his orderly, and entered the house. Through an open door he perceived the General signing papers in feverish haste, surrounded by officers of almost every grade and arm of the service. The General was not a mild looking man by any means. His features were exceedingly sharp, his nose like a bird's beak, a mustache like a brush, eyebrows resembling tufts of moss, everything in a word, about him denoted order and authority.

Tournecourt knocked at the door as a matter of form and entered.

"General, I am sub-Lieut. Tournecourt of the Thirtieth dragoons."

"Ah, you have been sent to me as orderly officer. Good! You know Paris?"

"I am a Parisian, General."

"Good. Here is a letter to carry to 40 Rue Murillo. Very important; go at once."

And he handed a letter of ministerial aspect, bearing the seal of the Fourth corps, and the two letters S. M., "Military service."

"The devil!" thought Tournecourt, "the service does not drag with such a general!"

The lieutenant sprang upon his horse, dashed to the railway station, leaped into the express train from Mans, and without losing a second arrived at the Rue Murillo. He had probably been expected, and the letter he conveyed was of considerable importance as regards the movements of the Fourth corps, for an enormous footman, after having delayed him but a few seconds returned, with a letter folded, in an equally majestic manner, on which was hastily scrawled, "General Bourgachard, Fourth Corps," then a gigantic S. M., and in the other corner, "In great haste." A train started in 20 minutes from the Mont Parnassus depot. Tournecourt was lucky enough to catch it. He began to feel tired. He had not rested a moment since he got into his uniform that morning, but, hang it, it was no question of fatigue.

"It is I," he said to himself with pride, "to whom they already confide orders too important for ordinary hands. In this letter which I hold are the instructions which are to decide the movements of 25,000 men. I begin well. I imagine my colonel will be content with me."

Gen. Bourgachard was absolutely surprised when Tournecourt, who arrived breathless and c with dust, handed him the letter.

"Parbleu! my young friend, but you are a quick courier. Who gave you this letter?"

"A valet, General."

"Good!"

The general burst the seal and rapidly read the contents of the letter. The orders sent for the move evidently pleased him, for he smiled with satisfaction, and immediately invited the sub-lieutenant to dinner.

Now, or never, to praise the Thirtieth. Tournecourt, placed not far from the general, did not fail to obey his instructions, and during dinner he contrived to slip in several well chosen remarks in eulogy of his colonel, and of the *esprit de corps* of his splendid regiment. At dessert he got on even better with his new general. The latter announced to the officers who surrounded him the movements for the next day: the brigade was to march toward Val-Saint Germain. They set out at dawn. Tournecourt, by his good humor and his obligingness, became on the best terms with the chief of staff; he had, as a matter of fact, brought in his horse rig that which never fails to satisfy the officer and the man; on the right, excellent cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, a bottle of rare old brandy to correct the humidity of the morning air, cold meats, etc., etc.; on the left, a map of the country on which in red chalk was traced the roads to follow, pencils, paper, compasses, etc.; in fact nothing had been forgotten. Every moment some aid-de-camp or the general himself had recourse to him. His map was on a larger and clearer scale than that of the chief of staff. And as Bourgachard congratulated him on his forethought he replied: "We are drilled in this way in the Thirtieth."

At two o'clock they arrived at Val-Saint Germain. Tournecourt was enchanted at being appointed to look after the disposition of the entire force. He had to take particular care as to the outpost lines—the great guards, the little pickets, the videttes; there were all sorts of things for him to do, and the moment that he was about to commence work, he was handed another letter for the Rue Murillo, with orders to start instantly.

"Decidedly," thought Tournecourt, "one gets no rest under this Bourgachard."

The road on this occasion was not so long. Tournecourt arrived, handed his sealed letter to the gigantic valet, who received him like an old acquaintance, and quickly brought him back the reply.

"Who can inhabit this hotel?" thought our friend, as he returned in hot haste to Val-Saint Germain. "No colors, no sentinels, nothing official. Who knows? the Monceaux Park is perhaps a strategical point."

Tournecourt gave the letter to Bourgachard and went to bed fagged out. He needed repose, for on the morrow, the 15th of September, there was to be a great sham battle at Dourdan between two divisions. General Bourgachard had explained it at dinner. Paris was supposed to be invested, and a part of the besieging army was to march toward Chartres with a view to opposing the army of relief. More than this, an important innovation was to take place; arbitrators were to determine which of the divisions was victorious.

Having arrived at Dourdan our young dragoon hastened to take up a good position upon a hill, from which he would not lose a single detail of the attack. Eight regiments of infantry, six regiments of cavalry, sixteen batteries of artillery and ten companies of engineers were engaged in the struggle. The firing of a cannon announced the arrival of Marshal McMahon and the commencement of the battle. At this moment a hussar, who had ridden his horse into a lather, dashed up.

"Oh, Lieutenant, they are looking for you every where. Here is an order which you are to carry at once to Paris. The general appeared in a tremendous hurry and I have already lost a good five minutes."

"The devil!" said Tournecourt. "Perhaps the fate of the battle depends on this order."

Tearing himself away, not without a deep sigh of regret, he descended the hill under a heavy fire of musketry and set out for Paris, worried by the fear lest Gen. Bourgachard's plans should fail.

This time the giant valet said to the officer that there was no reply, but that he was to be thanked all the same.

"How! they thank me?" said Tournecourt to himself. "What does that signify, and why these pressing orders always for the Rue Murillo. Frankly, this position of letter carrier ceases to be amusing, and has already deprived me of assisting at very useful exercises. But I must not forget that the colonel has recommended me to make a conquest of the general."

Gen. Bourgachard made a wry face when he learned that there was no reply, and was in a horrid humor all the evening. On the next day he set out on a march toward the East, and on the 13th he established himself in a little house situated on the borders of the Seine before Choisy. The pontooners of the engineers rapidly constructed a bridge of boats, which permitted the cavalry brigade to pass over the Seine. There is nothing so picturesque as the banks of a stream dotted with dragoons leading their horses by the bridle, curvetting and neighing in anticipation of the moment for crossing. Tournecourt was absorbed by the spectacle, when Bourgachard brusquely called him, and handing him an envelope, cried:

"Mount your horse and start for the Rue Murillo! From here it is only four hours. Go!"

There was, alas, nothing for it but to obey. The young officer leaped into the saddle, crossed the bridge, traversed Choisy, took the road to Italy, the Boulevard of the Invalides, and at length arrived at the house.

"This time," said Tournecourt to himself, "I have the right orders."

The gigantic valet held out his hand to receive the letter.

"I have orders," said the lieutenant, "not to part with this except to the party for whom it is intended."

The valet hesitated, but the officer had the air of an assumed authority that dared not be questioned, and the valet bowed to the courier, while he sounded a gong.

"Now," thought Tournecourt, "I am going to learn to whom it is that Gen. Bourgachard writes."

A domestic showed him up stairs, drew aside a heavy curtain, and in the twinkling of an eye the lieutenant found himself in the presence of a woman, who at first sight appeared very pretty, if her charms were a little too opulent. Dark mobile features, the eyes large and open, under arching brows. She was evidently no longer a young girl. She had attained that happy age when the forms have all reached their full development without having lost anything of the purity of their lines. The corsage, open at the neck, revealed veritable wonders. Upon her neck a thousand little brown curls were in open revolt. Tournecourt three years before would have preferred this type of woman to any other, but she was immensely "fêching," and he felt the hot blood leap in his veins. It was with a certain emotion that he said:

"Excuse me, Madame, for daring to intrude upon you, but I thought it better to do so."

"Why, Monsieur, I would have been excessively distressed had you remained below. That was good enough for the orderlies who came the last few days."

"It is I who always came," said Tournecourt, quite simply.

"It was you! Oh, Monsieur, how can I excuse myself for not having received you. I was so far from imagining that— You are overheated. I shall give orders for something to refresh you."

She hastened to order in for the young dragoon all sorts of appetizing and refreshing things, after having first made him sit down and feel quite at his ease.

Then, while still talking, filled his glass and occupied herself with every description of maternal attentions.

"How heated you are," she again repeated. "Why did you travel so fast?"

"If I had only known, I would have travelled faster still," replied Tournecourt.

"You are a big boy."

And with her perfumed handkerchief she mopped the perspiration which came from the forehead of the young dragoon. She acquitted herself of her task gently, lightly, and so as not to disarrange his hair, the occupation seemingly giving her the greatest pleasure.

She spoke of Bourgachard. He was an amiable man, but who made the mistake of imagining that he could inspire passion. He had exacted a promise from her that she would write every day during the manœuvres. Frankly, she found it to be impossible! The last time she absolutely could not find a word to say to him. Now we know why Tournecourt was sent on those daily expeditions. This was not the moment to find fault, but he was extremely indignant that the General did not employ some other messenger. Without doubt Bourgachard knew that an ordinary orderly would never have shown so much zeal, so much intelligence, have put so much rapidity into his mode of transport. And it was for this? Tournecourt was indignant. When his handsome hostess proposed that he should remain for dinner, he accepted without scruple.

"Bah," he said, "since there is no reply there is no need of hurry. I shall return to Choisy this evening."

The dinner was excellent and damped with exquisite wines. Tournecourt who had for the previous eight days eaten in village wine shops, did tremendous honor to it, and when offering his arm to his hostess to reconduct her to the boudoir, he found that life was of a vivid rose color. He flung himself on a sofa at the express desire of the lady, who ordered him to be quite at his ease. While the lieutenant let go a couple of buttons of his neck-choking uniform the lady disappeared, to reappear in a dressing gown of scarlet satin, which admirably became the paleness of her complexion.

"I have not been away too long, have I?"

"Yes, you have," retorted Tournecourt, who was rapidly losing his head. There were all sorts of delicious and enervating perfumes in the air, and the effects of the glorious wine was beginning to tell; he took a hand that did not draw away, and covered a white and satiny arm with passionate kisses.

The good lady repulsed less and less vigorously, merely saying, between two sighs:

"What a big boy! What a big boy!"

Suddenly the bell rang. The lady ran to the window and raising the curtain, cried:

"Here is Bourgachard."

Tournecourt leaped to his feet and buttoned the neck buttons of his tunic, then sprang into a corner for his sword; then looked around for an exit, but there was but a single door. His companion thrust some hairpins back into their places and adjusted her ruffled hair, when the sound of big boots was heard on the staircase. There was nothing for it but to await the storm.

The *portière* was thrust aside. The General appeared. On perceiving the troubled air of the guilty pair, he at once divined the truth.

"Ah! it is you, Tournecourt," he coldly said. "How comes it that you are not at your post this evening, at Arcueil, with the chief of staff? You are under arrest for four days. Go, sir."

Tournecourt bowed, more dead than alive, made a half turn to the right and retreated, enchanted at having got off so well.

On the next day was held the great review at Vincennes. The Thirtieth defied by squadrons before the grand stand. Tournecourt had retaken his place in front of the second platoon of the first squadron, but perceiving Bourgachard beside the Minister he did not dare turn his head that way, as the rules of the service prescribed that he should do.

"Who is that officer with his head immovable?" asked the Minister for War.

"It is Tournecourt of the Thirtieth," replied Bourgachard. "The discipline is horribly relaxed in that regiment; no wonder, it has been quartered for seven years in Paris."

"Seven years! Hum! That is a long time," said the Minister, and that was all.

Some days afterward the Thirtieth dragoons were notified that they would be sent in October to a miserable little hole on the eastern frontier. Four superior officers, fourteen captains, twenty-two lieutenants, six hundred men and five hundred and forty horses were thus displaced by the want of tact of Monsieur Guy de Tournecourt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It is a rare thing for the Indians to appeal to the code to settle their disputes, but when they do the result is more serious than when two Virginians attempt to wipe out an insult with carnal weapons. A very remarkable encounter took place at Buffalo, Wyoming, on June 29, between two Crow chiefs that will result in the death of both contestants.

Little Wolf and Two Moons were the names of the chiefs. The fight took place on the south bank of Clear creek. It was a desperate battle, and the braves literally hacked each other to pieces.

PLOUGHING FOR LUCK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a farmer in Indiana whose daughter has been educated at Vassar college. Consequently she is absolutely and totally useless for any of the ordinary avocations of life. But the old man makes her work for her living anyhow. He has a superstition that if a woman rides over ploughed land she brings it luck, so he makes her mount his old nag and keep him company while he tills the soil. Any one who doesn't believe this story can go to Indiana and find out. We have stolen it from a local paper.

GRACE COURTLAND'S COWHIDE.

She Uses It with Effect on the Person of Her Daughter's Seducer.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

Mrs. Grace Courtland, the fascinating female whose sobriquet of "the Witch of Wall Street" is familiar to New Yorkers, has distinguished herself in Milwaukee by cowhiding a prominent young man named William C. Jones. Grace has a daughter, a very pretty girl, who unlike her handsome mother, is rather shy. While staying in Milwaukee with her mother, Mazie made the acquaintance of Jones, a clerk in an insurance office—a pale young fellow, with a hectic flush on his face, and a very shaky tenor voice. Soon the young couple were billing and cooing together, and when the old lady had returned with her daughter to Chicago a most loving correspondence was kept up between Mazie and her affianced, and Mrs. Courtland is said to have looked forward to her prospective occupancy of the title of mother-in-law with supreme satisfaction.

Meanwhile Jones was false to his plighted troth. He made barroom property of the letters Mazie had written him—letters, it is said, in the composition of which the old lady's elegance of diction was discernible. He further manifested the profligacy of his disposition by engaging himself to Miss May Eviston, a society belle. In the latter case as unfortunately in the former, Jones' conduct exceeded the bounds of propriety, and Mr. Jacob Eviston, the young lady's brother, compelled him to marry the girl. It is said that Eviston held a shotgun to Jones' head during the marriage ceremony, and did not withdraw it until the proprieties of the occasion had been fully complied with.

After his marriage the letters of Jones to Mazie became few and far between, and the character of their contents such as to arouse the ire of Mother Courtland. The latter wrote a scorching epistle to Jones, and demanded to know what he meant to do. Jones, becoming terrified at his predicament, wrote back to his would-be mother-in-law, informing her of his marriage to Miss Eviston, and begging of her to let up. He added that Mazie was the only woman he ever loved, and that he would get a divorce from his present wife and marry her cheerfully if the old lady would only give him a breathing spell.

Indignant beyond measure, Mrs. Courtland inclosed Jones' letter to the head of the Eviston household, and then arming herself with a rawhide and accompanied by the unhappy Mazie, she took the first train for Milwaukee. Arriving in town, Mrs. Courtland went straight to the Plankenton house, partook of a light supper, and then made a bee-line for the Eviston mansion, corner of Wisconsin street and Broadway.

At the moment Mrs. Courtland rang the bell and squared herself for the encounter, old Mr. Eviston and his big son had fully digested the letter which she had forwarded from Chicago, and as Jones happened to be in the house at the time, they proceeded to trounce him for his perfidy. The old man kicked him down stairs and the young man kicked him up again, and they had about worn out their boots on him when Mrs. Courtland began tugging at the bell rope.

In his frantic effort to escape being kicked inside out Jones made a rush for the front door, opened it and was about to bound into the street, when horror!

The "Witch of Wall Street" caught him by the collar and slashed him right and left with a switch with such fury that his face was soon unrecognizable.

"Murder!" yelled the wretched dude.

"I'll kill you," shrieked the witch, "if you had as many lives as a cat!"

And she laid on the rawhide with redoubled energy, until the yells of the lacerated Jones were piercing enough to paralyze the fish in the lake.

At length the strength of the infuriated witch gave out, and Jones dashed down the street. He hasn't since been seen.

A RACE FOR A BRIDE.

On the Yaqui River, in the State of Sonora, Mexico, is a settlement of Indians. They are governed by an alcalde appointed by the Mexican government, and who is usually their chief; for, although peaceful and law-abiding, the Yaqui is proud, and will not permit a ruler save of their own race.

One of the curious customs of the tribe is connected with the marriage rites, and is known as "bride catching." On these occasions all the inhabitants of the village gather on a plain. The ceremonies begin with a musical entertainment, in which a sort of drum, accompanied by file and reed whistles, are introduced.

The would-be bride is stationed by her father some hundred yards in front of her suitor; then, at a given signal, she starts for a goal, distant about half a mile, to reach which and return, before overtaken by her pursuer, releases her from his attentions. This result, as you may imagine, is not frequent, as these dusky maidens are as eager to be "caught" as their more favored sisters of civilized countries. I have never witnessed anywhere a more exciting race than this. The maidens, straight and well formed, standing in their tunic dress, reaching from the swelling bosom to the knee, exposing yet concealing their charms, stood chatting with each other until the signal was given, when, presto! away like the wind they sped, followed by the young buck, who soon diminished the distance between them, and the marriage ceremony is completed, after which their games continue until a late hour, when the village again assumes a quietness and silence only broken by the baying of the dogs, which are a real pest in all Mexican towns, as well as among the Indian tribes.

ONE SIDED FUN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The village of Tremont, which forms one of the suburbs of New York, is traversed by the Bronx river, and on the village outskirts the boys have a pet bathing place in that beautiful stream. Some young lady residents in a neighboring summer hotel discovered this pleasant corner, and for several days made use of it, charmed by its beauty and its solitude. The boys stood it till they became disgusted. Then they posted a warning against trespassers on the bank. The girls tore the warning down and cast it into the river. The other afternoon when the boys arrived ready for a dip they found their places already filled. The young ladies were enjoying their bath when a noise ashore attracted their attention and they found their juvenile foes attiring themselves in their garments and getting ready to decamp. But for the opportune appearance of a farmer who had been cutting wood in the woods they would have had to swim home. As it is they trespass on the boys' bathing ground no more.

A FEMALE TRAMP.

A Nobleman's Daughter on a Weary Pilgrimage.

Strange Adventures of a Woman Who Married Judah P. Benjamin's Nephew.

A woman, apparently about 43 years of age, shabbily dressed and feeble, was seen on the streets of Port Jervis, N. Y., for several days. She slept every night in the police station, where she gave the name of Elizabeth Benjamin, and said she was born in Staffordshire, England. She disappeared and turned up in Middletown, thirty-eight miles distant. Inquiry developed the fact that she was on her way to New York and that she had walked nearly all the way from San Francisco.

Mrs. Benjamin has had a most wonderful and romantic career. She was born near Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales, and was the daughter of Sir Edward Harcourt, at one time one of the most brilliant young English orators. Her mother was a variety actress, who lived in Wales to escape the persecutions of Sir Edward's family, who opposed his mesalliance. When the babe was born she was christened Pauline Elizabeth Harcourt. She was given all the advantages of a superior education, and early in life evinced great poetical genius, some of her poems, composed when she was 14, having appeared in the leading magazines of Great Britain. Her mother was a direct descendant of Sir Philip Francis, who is believed to have been the author of the celebrated political essays which startled all England from 1769 to 1777, and which were signed Junius.

When she was but 17 years of age, Miss Pauline met at Swansea, where she was visiting some young friends and writing poetry descriptive of the coast of Wales, Mr. Walter P. Benjamin, a nephew of Judah P. Benjamin, at one time treasurer of the Confederate States of America. The young man, who was a South Carolinian by birth, was handsome and clever, but, unfortunately poor. Pauline felt that she loved him so deeply she could marry no one but him. Her father died while she was at Swansea, and she was summoned by telegraph to Merthyr Tydvil. Young Benjamin, who was but 22, followed her there, and contrived to see her occasionally. Finally the young lady's mother learned of these stolen interviews, and a terrible scene ensued. Pauline begged to be allowed to marry her American sweetheart, but her mother remained firm, and finally sent her to St. Andrew's, in Scotland, to school.

By means of pre-arranged signals the young lady, previous to leaving home, managed to inform her lover whither she was going. Young Benjamin found it convenient to visit St. Andrew's frequently, and in 1860 they were married on Pauline's twentieth birthday. When Lady Harcourt heard the news of her daughter's secret marriage, and learned that she had fled from the school at St. Andrew's, she was stricken with paralysis and died shortly afterward. Young Benjamin came to the United States at once on hearing of the rebellion, and enlisted in the Confederate navy, where he remained until the close of the war. He then speculated in cotton, made considerable money, and started by water for California accompanied by his wife in 1870. They had one child, who died on the voyage to the isthmus. They were delayed in leaving Aspinwall, and Pauline and her husband were both stricken with a terrible fever, which resulted in the death of Mr. Benjamin, and left Mrs. Benjamin very weak.

Her husband was buried at sea. Mrs. Benjamin's weak nerves gave way, and for days she raved, and when the ship reached San Francisco she was placed in the hands of the authorities there. Her reason was partly destroyed, and for six years she remained in California. She then made her escape and walked the entire distance to Virginia City, Nev., where she remained several months. She was lost sight of there in 1887, and was next heard of at Corinne, Utah, a small place on the Union Pacific railroad. In the fall of 1878 she commenced tramping through Wyoming. When near the site of the Custer massacre, along Wind river, she was captured by a band of Indians, of what tribe she does not remember, although her description of their life and habits is very accurate, and proves that her story is a true one. The Indians, finding that she was returning to the home of her pale face friends, gave her some dried meat, and started her on her way rejoicing.

From Fort Reno, Wyoming Territory, to Fort Pierre, in Dakota, she was in company with some soldiers coming East, and in 1879 she came from Fort Pierre to Yankton, and thence by rail to Omaha. From there she followed the track of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad in a bee line across the State of Iowa to Burlington, from where she made her way to Peoria, Ill. She remained there a few months in the care of the poor authorities, and then, having become rested, she began her tramp eastward, bringing up at the great railway centre, Fort Wayne, Ind. From here she was lucky enough to get a ride to Toledo, where the city authorities treated her so badly that she tramped on to Cleveland, where she found comfortable quarters, and remained until last New Year's day. She began the new year with the resolution to push on to New York without stopping. Following the turnpike road she found herself at length in Olean, N. Y., from where she rode in an empty freight car to Hornellsville. When she tried to steal another ride from Hornellsville to Painted Post she was unfortunate; the car in which she had secreted herself was locked and run upon a side track, and she remained in it without food or water three days, until her pounding upon the side of the car attracted the attention of one of the yard men, and she was released almost dead. When she reached Elmira she got a ride on the bumper of the express car, but one of the sparks from the engine fell upon her dress, and the rapid motion of the train fanned the spark into a blaze, and she had another narrow escape from death. Her injuries necessitated her remaining some weeks at Binghamton, from where she walked to Port Jervis, arriving here via the Delaware & Hudson canal towpath.

When she reaches New York she expects to find enough money in a safe deposit vault, of which she has the key, to take her to her home in Wales.

A ROMANCE OF MOOSE LAKE.

The people residing in the vicinity of the secluded Moose Lake are busy with a little romance just now. It seems that on the banks of the lake resides Elijah

Camp, an Indian guide. He has a beautiful daughter, Emma, who has developed into a noble hearted and loving woman. For some years a family named Mead, who reside at Sing Sing, have made it their practice to spend the heated term at the Indian guide's humble home. In the Mead family there is a young man named Gabriel Mead, and quite naturally he fell in love with the beautiful Indian maiden, and last spring he made her his lawful bride. When the elder Mead learned of this he was very wroth, and forced his son to desert his young and beautiful bride, which he did. Five months ago he took her to his arms a beautiful, loving bride, and to-day she wanders alone on the banks of Moose Lake with a broken heart and blasted hopes. Elijah and his deserted child have recently been twice to Sandy Hill, and General Charles Hughes has the case in hand and already has opened his legal battery on the Meads. Emma may lose Gabriel, but Gabriel will wish before the General gets through with him that he had stuck to Emma.

A BLIGHTED LIFE.

The Shadow Hanging Over a Young Man who Speculated in Wall Street.

A remarkable case is exciting no ordinary interest in Lockport, N. Y., and well illustrates the results of yielding to the temptations of speculation.

In 1873 Wm. H. Mover was the trusted bookkeeper of the Niagara County National Bank, the strongest banking institution in Lockport. His standing was of the highest in society circles here. His parents are wealthy, and being only 23 years old, his prospects were exceedingly bright; but he was fatally tempted to engage in stock speculation on margins in New York, and being remarkably successful in one or two ventures, was led into deeper depths. This continued till one Sunday the town was startled by the report of his arrest for embezzlement in Albany, with \$10,000, stolen bonds in his possession, which he was intending to sell in New York and fly to Europe with the proceeds. He was brought to this city, and lodged in jail, and an examination into the bank's affairs disclosed the fact that he had skillfully embezzled over \$13,000 of the bank's money besides these bonds.

This money was never recovered, as his father to this date has refused to make up the deficiency. He was indicted on thirteen counts for grand larceny, forgery and embezzlement, and on December 16, 1879, was sentenced to Auburn State Prison for five years, having pleaded guilty to grand larceny. His time being commuted for good behavior, he received a discharge today, but not his freedom. A sheriff from Lockport was sent to escort him here. He arrived this afternoon and incarcerated him to await trial on twelve other counts of his indictment. Neither the bank officials nor the father of the unfortunate young man show the slightest inclination to yield.

HE GOT A SQUARE MEAL.

A man came to a Western city, and failing to secure work, he went around the town begging for something to eat. Everywhere he was refused, and finally he went into a vacant storeroom and sent a boy after a newspaper reporter. When the reporter came, the man said: "I have been commanded by the Lord to fast one hundred days, and I think I can accomplish the feat, for the Lord says that I must." The reporter published a long account of the man's intentions and quite a sensation was created. The chief of police went down and told the man he must eat, and that the Lord might command him to starve but that the city would have to bury him. The man swore that he would not eat, and the chief went to a restaurant and ordered a heavy meal to be sent to the fanatic. The meal came, and the man, merely eating enough to sustain life, put the remainder in a carpetbag. The chief of police came again, and asking the man if he had eaten, and he replied that he had not, but that he had given the meat to a tramp. The chief sent another meal, which found the "gripsack" repository. Then the church ladies came, loaded him with sandwiches and cakes, and when the carpet sack would hold no more, the man thanked the people, shouldered his larger and started off, remarking as he went: "Enough to last me way down in Texas."

COLOR MIXING.

Another case of miscegenation has come to light in the elopement of Miss Cora Sandford and Frank Smith. Miss Sandford is the handsome 19-year old daughter of John H. Sandford, a wealthy man living in the suburbs of Wheeling, W. Va., and was recently graduated from a young ladies' seminary with high honors. Smith is a negro, 35 years old, how-legged, illiterate, and about as repulsive a human being as could be found anywhere, but he was a good talker and had a pleasant voice. He had been employed for several years as coachman and hostler at the Sandford homestead. The parents of the girl were entirely ignorant of the intimacy between the two. A few days ago Cora was missed, and on the bureau of her room a note was found saying that she had left her home and friends never to return again. The same day the negro coachman also disappeared, and the matter was at once placed in the hands of the police, who sent photographs of Smith and Miss Sandford to different points in Ohio and West Virginia. Two detectives were employed, and they succeeded in tracing the couple to several of their stopping places, but have not yet been able to find them.

THE REPUDIATED TRADE DOLLAR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Even the burglars go back on the trade dollar. Gentlemen of the profession that usually take anything they lay their hands on—even a red hot stove—draw the line at the debased coin. While S. Marks, a storekeeper at Contention, Arizona, was waiting on a customer two horsemen, masked, rode up. One dismounted and entering, pulled two pistols and compelled the two men and two children who were present to hold up their hands. The robbers ordered Marks to open the safe, and be quick about it. Marks opened the safe and gave the man some trade dollars, which he threw on the floor, remarking contemptuously he didn't take silver. The robber then went to the safe and took \$2,300 in gold and greenbacks. At this juncture Charles Marks entered, and the robber covered him with a gun and ordered him to stand in line with the others. The two horsemen then rode off across the river and escaped.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

How a Young Jersey City Lawyer Eluded the Vigilance of an Aunt, and Got the Girl he Loved.

The particulars of the romantic marriage of B. C. Tunison, a young Jersey City lawyer and the son of Rev. Dr. Tunison, presiding elder in the Newark Conference, have just come to light. About two weeks ago Miss Belle Barton, a handsome young woman whose parents live in York, Pa., came to Jersey City in company with her aunt, to visit some friends living in Sipp avenue, on the Heights. There Tunison met her and fell in love with her at first sight. The fact that Miss Barton was engaged to be married to a wealthy old bachelor in York was no bar to the progress of their love making. But the girl's aunt, seeing how attentive Mr. Tunison was to her niece, and that the latter was by no means indifferent to him, became alarmed, and directed her niece to prepare herself to return home. Miss Barton protested, but the old lady was determined, and when Mr. Tunison called that evening the girl told him of her aunt's orders. She also confided in him, with tears in her eyes, the information that she did not love the old bachelor, that she did not want to marry him, and the marriage was being forced upon her.

Mr. Tunison at once resolved to prevent the distasteful marriage by marrying the girl himself. The aunt, however, kept such close watch on her niece that no opportunity was afforded the pair to carry out their plans. Affairs were becoming desperate, as the girl and her aunt were to start for home on the following morning, when Mr. Tunison thought of a scheme. He directed Miss Barton to go to the railroad depot with her aunt, to take a seat in the car and then to make some excuse to go out again, when he would meet her with a cab and carry her away. The morning arrived, the girl and her aunt went to the train and Mr. Tunison waited outside, but Miss Barton did not appear. She was either afraid or she lacked sufficient ingenuity to invent a plausible excuse for leaving the train, and Mr. Tunison was in despair. At this juncture George Barron, a lawyer, and personal friend of Mr. Tunison, came along, and to him Mr. Tunison confided his trouble, with an appeal for assistance.

When he understood the situation Mr. Barron hastened to a telegraph office near by, wrote a message on a telegraph blank and sent a boy with it to the train. The boy entered the car in which the disconsolate girl and her aunt were seated and shouted: "Is Mrs. Sayers here?" Miss Barton's aunt said that was her name and the boy gave her the message which summoned her to Mr. Barron's office at once. She started to go there and had no sooner left the depot than Tunison walked into the car and took the now delighted Miss Barton with him to New York, where they were married.

Shortly afterward Mrs. Sayers returned anathematizing stupid lawyers who made mistakes. She was surprised and annoyed when she found that the train had started and carried her niece away. She telegraphed to Philadelphia to have Miss Barton wait for her there, but the operator could find no such person on the train. Mrs. Sayers went on to her home, where she found a despatch announcing the marriage of Mr. Tunison and her niece.

A BICYCLIST'S EXPLOIT.

Perilous Ride Down Mount Washington.

Mr. E. H. Corson, of East Rochester, N. H., on July 16, accomplished the before unattempted feat of riding down Mount Washington. He used the American Star bicycle, whose peculiarity consists in the small wheel being placed in front of the large, the latter being propelled by means of an oscillating treadle and ratchets. He came up from Gorham in the morning, and dismounting about three miles from the Glen completed the journey of eleven miles to the summit of Mount Washington on foot, pushing his wheel in advance. After resting some time upon the summit, he started upon his dangerous journey, while the guests at the Summit house almost held their breath in fear for his safety as he wheeled rapidly round the steep bend just below the house. Upon reaching more favorable ground he forged rapidly ahead, though it could be seen that the brakes were constantly in application. Another sharp turn near the great gulf was safely passed, and the machine was behaving beautifully, the precedence of the small wheel preventing any liability of "headers," and also serving as a powerful brace in case of obstructions met in the road. The half-way house was soon gained, and the rider breathed more freely, the steep cliffs which border the first half of the way being extremely trying to the strongest nerves. The remainder of the journey was made in perfect safety, the brakes being completely effective in spite of the steepness of the road. The Glen was reached at about 4 o'clock, the descent having been accomplished in about one hour and 50 minutes, and the rider met with a warm reception from the guests. He was apparently as fresh as when he started from the Glen in the morning, though the continual application of the brake had caused a severe numbness in his right arm. Mr. Corson is the same gentleman who recently performed a similar feat among the mountains of Maine, but his last achievement must be allowed to have eclipsed anything of the kind ever before done in this country, considering that the average grade of the road is twelve feet in 100, and in some places runs to sixteen feet in 100, while the road-bed at times has no enclosing embankment or railing.

RAID ON THE SALVATION ARMY.

Capt. Campbell, of the First precinct, Brooklyn, paid an official visit to the headquarters of the Salvation Army at the Lyceum in Washington street, on the evening of July 18. He had previously been notified by friends of Mrs. Isaacson that lady was lying dangerously ill at No. 52 Concord street, and the loud singing and noise attending the services of the Salvation Army close by were a source of great annoyance to her. They had already requested the captain in charge of the army to stop the singing, but he had positively refused to do so. Under these circumstances they were obliged to appeal to the police. Harry Stilwell, the young man who occupies the position of captain, when spoken to on the subject by Capt. Campbell, gave the same answer. They "were engaged in the work of the Lord and the services must proceed." Capt. Campbell reasoned with the man, telling him that the woman was supposed to be in a dying condition, and that the noise in the Lyceum, according to the statement of her physicians, was likely to destroy any faint chance of recovery.

cry she might have. Capt. Stilwell again refused to comply with the reasonable request, and the services were continued with increased boisterousness, the men and women in the hall singing more discordantly than ever and clapping their hands and stamping on the floor in a manner which could be heard a block away, and attracted a large crowd to the place. Capt. Campbell then went to the station house, and finding that an arrest was authorized by a provision of the Criminal Code, returned to the Lyceum and took Captain Stilwell into custody. The prisoner was taken to the station house, where he gave his age as 21, his residence No. 740 DeKalb avenue, and his occupation evangelist. With the arrest of the captain the objectionable noise stopped, Capt. Campbell threatening to take every man and woman in the hall to jail unless it was discontinued.

A DOUBLE RACKET.

The Trouble that a Pennsylvanian got into by Paying Attention to Two Women.

Milton Province, a young man 25 years of age and a brother of ex-Legislator Province, of Fayette county, Pa., has been arrested at Pittsburg. Province is wanted in Fayette county as a principal in what promises to be one of the most sensational cases outside of Duke's crime ever produced in that section. He is accused of having procured abortions on the persons of Mrs. F. M. Clark and Miss Minnie Graft, both of Scottsdale, both the victims now lying in a precarious condition at their homes. The other party implicated by the accusers of Province in the crime is Dr. Culp, or Cook, of Uniontown.

Province, who is a painter in the employ of Mrs. Clark's husband, has been the accepted escort and intimate friend of Miss Graft, whose father is a brick-maker and a very respectable citizen of Scottsdale. Aware of the condition of Miss Graft and Mrs. Clark, Province took the two women to Uniontown, where he secured the services of a physician, whose name is given by Mrs. Clark as Dr. Cook, and by another as Dr. Culp. Here Province sought to have the evidence of his guilt removed, and the party entering a carriage at Uniontown were driven to a woods, where the crime was committed by means of instruments, after which the party re-entered the carriage and were driven to the Southwest depot, where they then took a train for Scottsdale.

Both women were taken violently sick shortly after, which, together with a chain of events suspicious enough in themselves, led to the disclosures and the flight of Province. Miss Graft, it is said, is in a critical condition.

PUGILISTIC PARSONS.

And Now the Colored Brethren in the Lord Are At It.

A panic was created at the colored camp meeting at Martin's Ferry, near Wheeling, W. Va., on July 15, by a regular battle between two colored gentlemen, Dave Grant, of Wheeling, and Jacob Jackson, of Martins' Ferry, as the chief actors, and about twenty more colored brethren, who put in an occasional bullet to stir up the excitement.

Jackson had a quarrel with Grant early in the afternoon, and then went home, took off his Sunday togs and returned with blood in his eyes. He met Grant, and they proceeded to the edge of the camp ground, and after a few blows some fellow behind a tree fired at them. Another shot came from an opposite direction, and it was then the two pugilists drew their shooters and began in earnest. Grant put a bullet into Jackson's head, and Jackson slightly wounded Grant. The wildest excitement prevailed during the fuss, and the large number of people who gathered to see the fun scattered in every direction. Jackson's wound is thought not to be fatal.

CREAM AS A DISTURBING ELEMENT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Ice cream, that solace of the maiden's summer walks, and depletor of the lover's cash, comes to the front in the unexpected guise of the destroyer of family peace. Mr. Armitage, a young business man of Philadelphia, has a wife, who acquired a taste for ice cream during her courtship days. Then she was filled with it during the heated term by her ardent lover. Now that that lover has become her husband her passion for the "cold victuals" has not diminished, but her opportunity of getting her appetite satisfied has decreased. The other evening she importuned hubby to take her on an old sparking-time racket of ice cream and cakes, but he pleaded important business and left the house. Her cravings prompted her to go herself in search of the luxury. On entering the saloon she was surprised to find her recreant lord seated at a table delightfully loading up a fair damsel with the refreshing cream. This was more than the injured wife could stand. She rushed at the couple and seizing the plate of cream plastered the face of the frail sister. A separation is now talked of.

"GENERAL" ALYWARD'S CAPER.

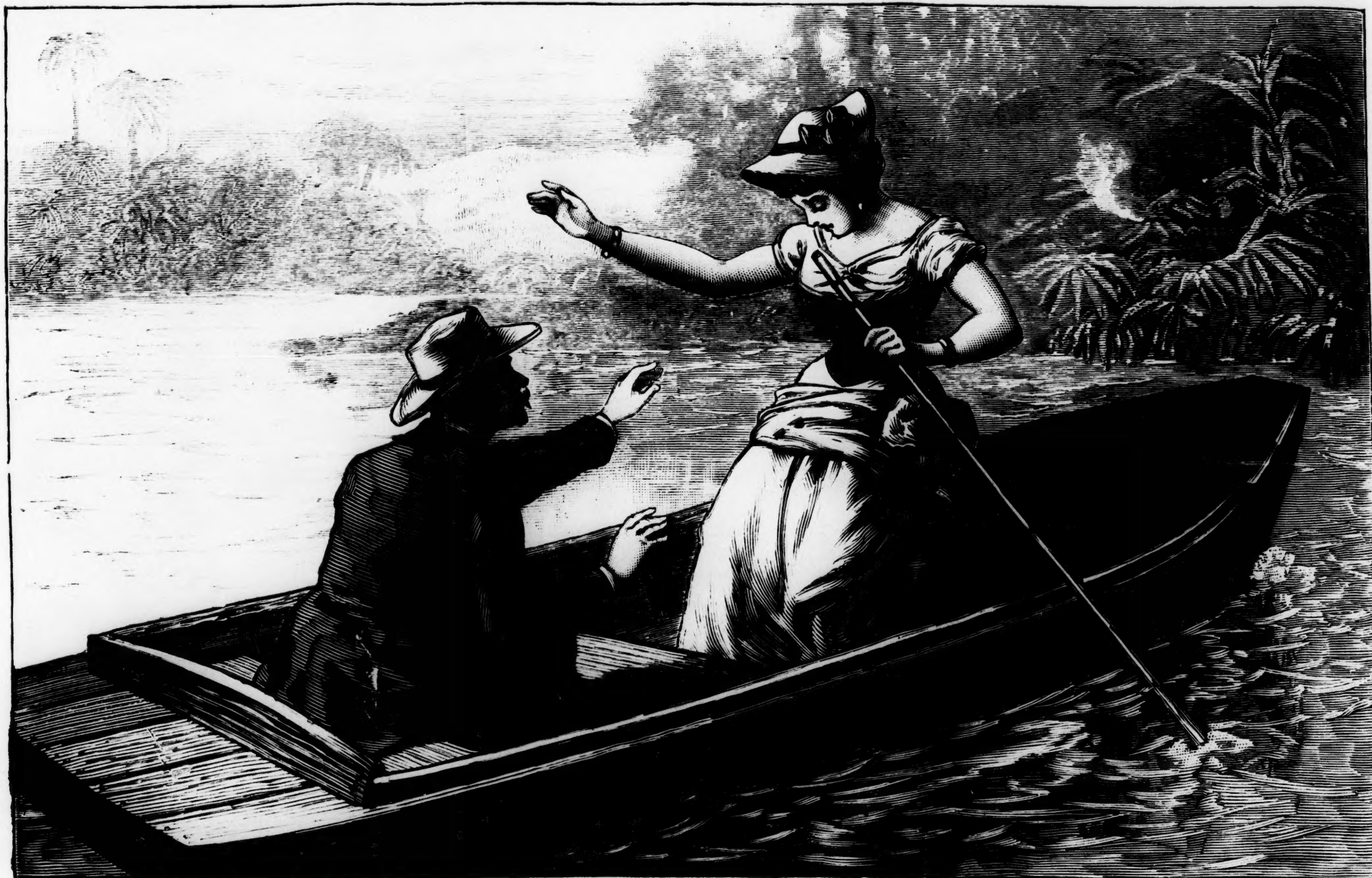
[With Portrait.]

"General" Alfred Alyward is an Irishman of a very adventuresome disposition who, after being implicated in the Fenian conspiracies of 1867, fled his country and went to South Africa. Here he secured a position in the Transvaal army, and when the war of independence broke out against Great Britain he did good service in helping to defeat the redcoats. A year ago he came to the United States, and the other day created some surprise by eloping with Miss Carrie Van Hensen, a Brooklyn young lady, also of a somewhat adventuresome disposition. It seems that in her fifteenth year she married a man named Tredwell, leaving him on the very day of the marriage. He is said to have subsequently secured a decree of divorce by proving adultery on her part, a version which the young lady herself strenuously denies.

ALEXANDER BOYER.

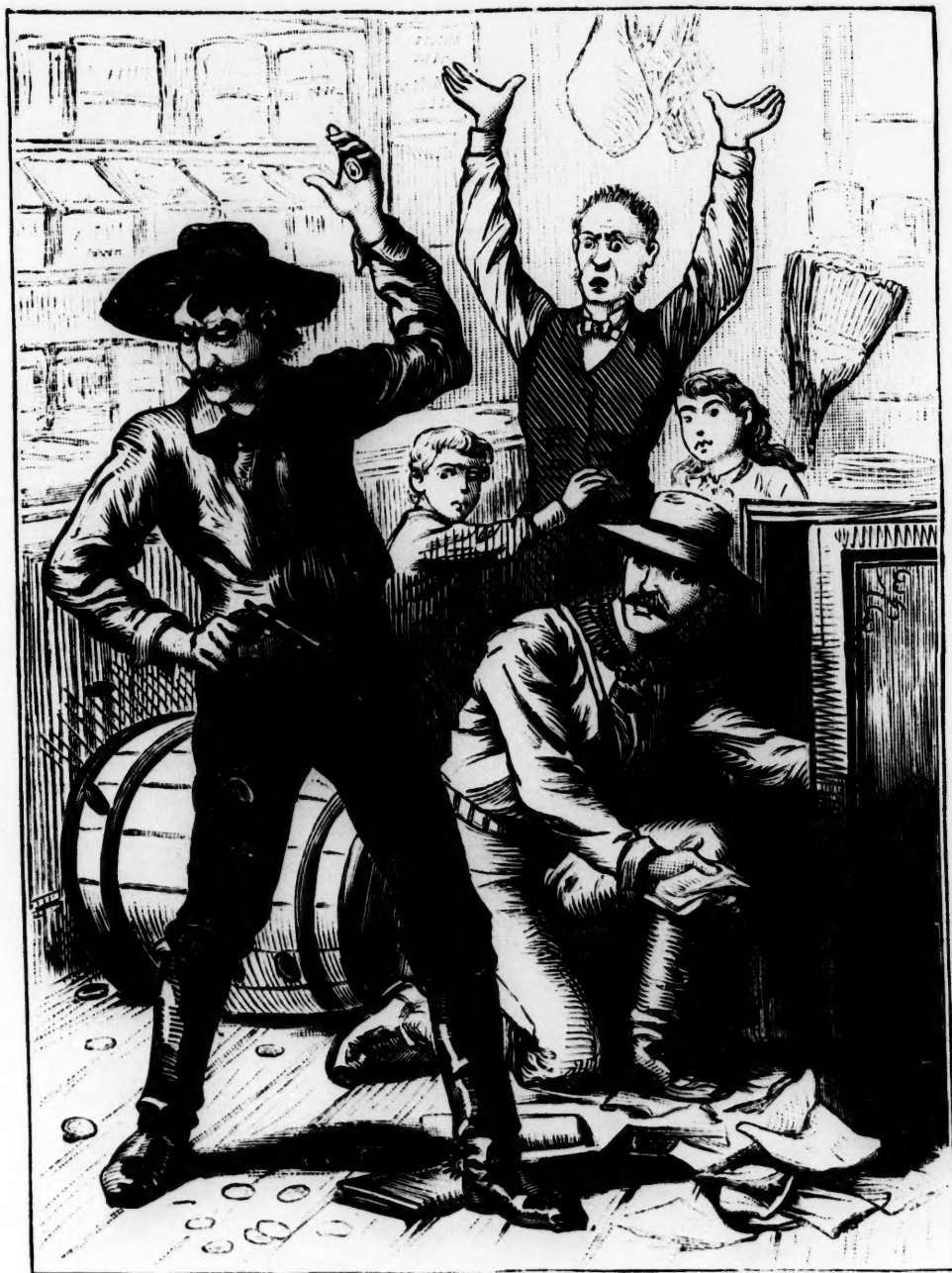
[With Portrait.]

Alexander Boyer, who stabbed to death Robert Simpson, a truck driver, at No. 2 York street, New York, on July 9, is a light mulatto, stands 5 feet 10 inches, and weighs about 190 pounds. He was a boatman, but had not been engaged steadily anywhere for some time. He is now in the Tombs awaiting his trial, and may add new fruit to the gallows tree.



THE MURDER AT THE FERRY.

A PRETTY BOATWOMAN SHOT BY A JEALOUS WIFE WHILE POLING A SUSCEPTIBLE NORTHERN TOURIST ACROSS THE WITHLACOOCHIE RIVER, FLA.



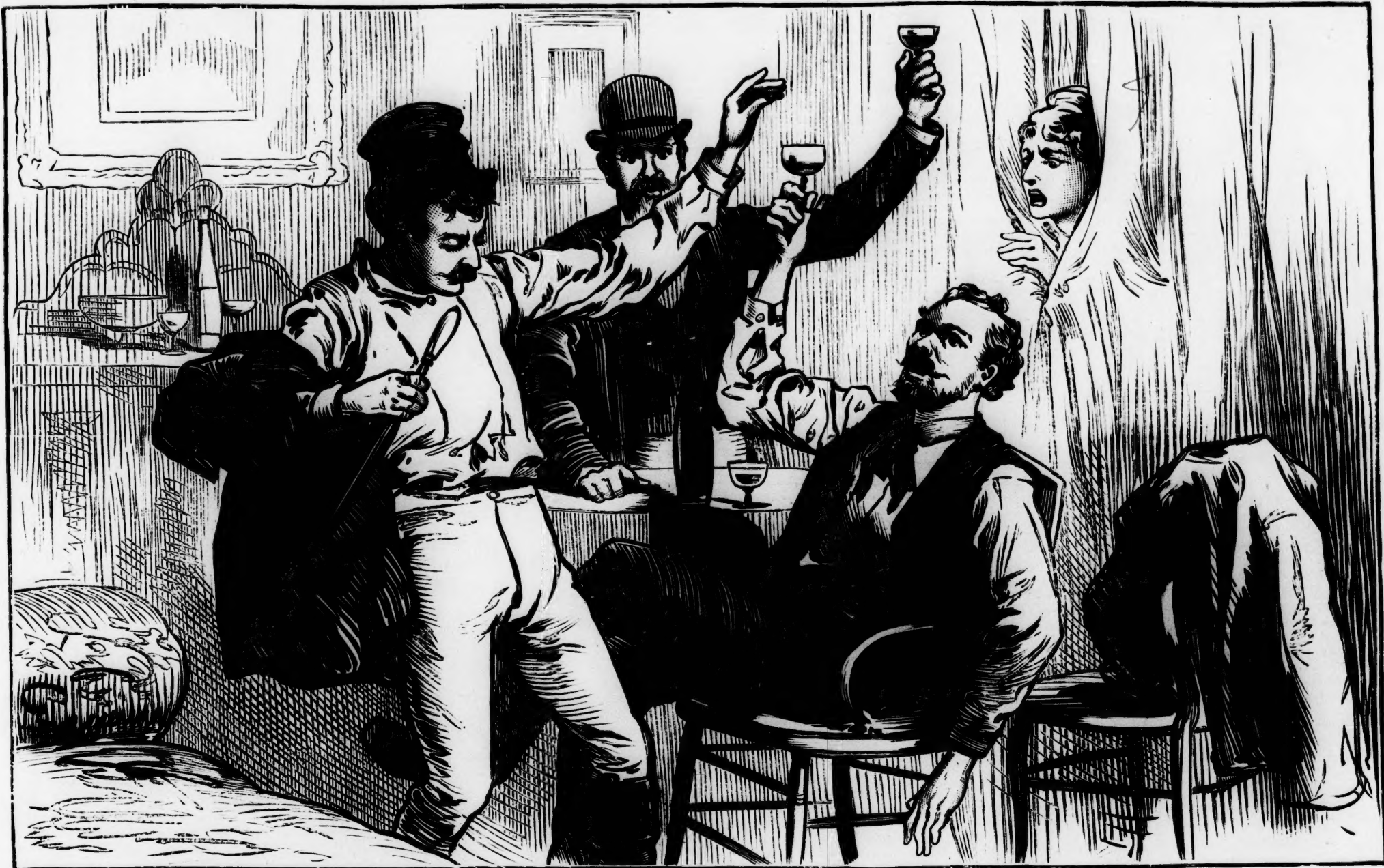
THE REPUDIATED COIN.

TWO BURGLARS OF ARIZONA REFUSE TO TAKE PAY FOR THEIR PROFESSIONAL CALL IN TRADE DOLLARS, AND DEMAND THE CURRENCY OF OUR DADDIES.



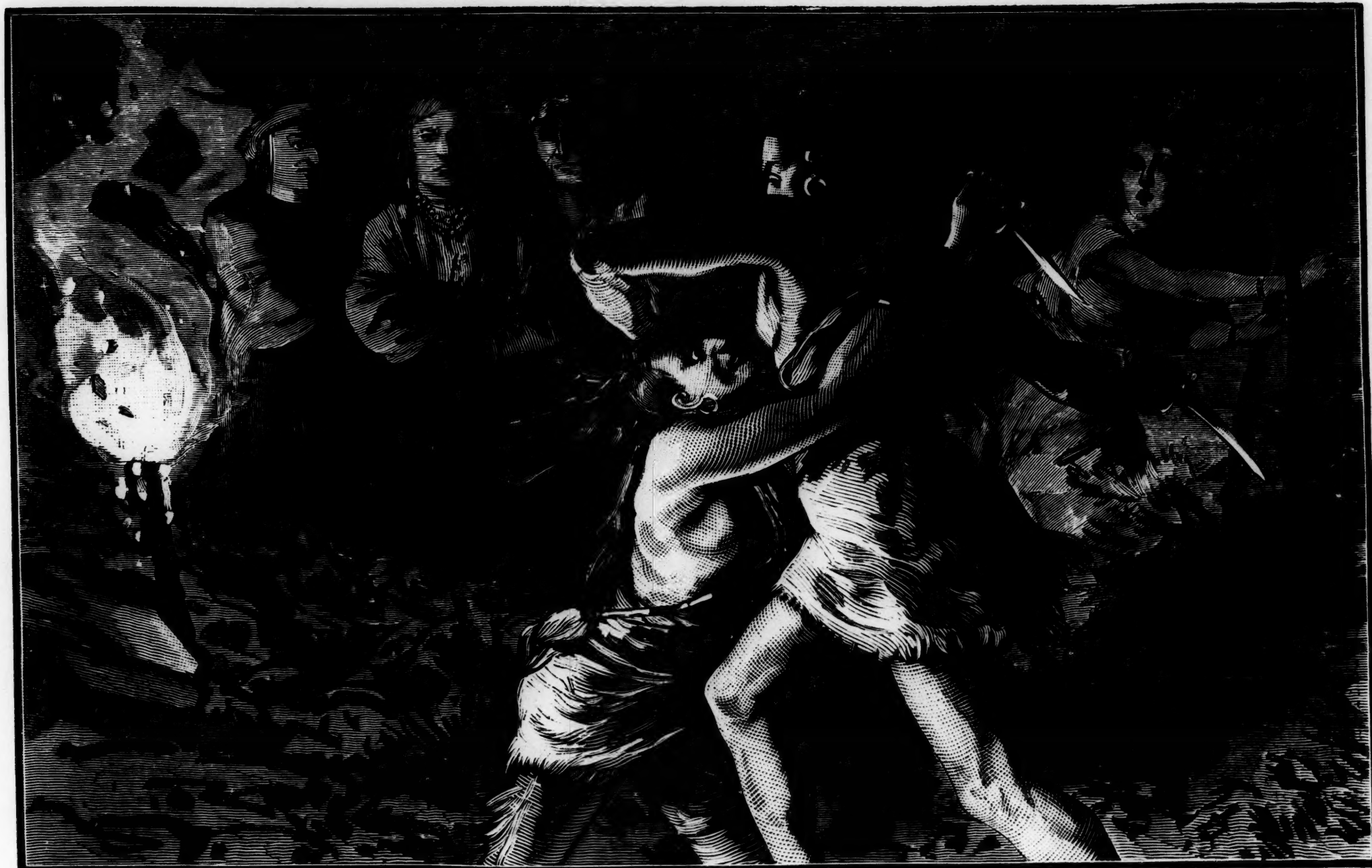
CREAM AND SCREAM.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A PHILADELPHIA YOUNG WOMAN WHO WORKED MARRIED MEN FOR HER SUMMER REFRESHMENTS.



SHE HAD MISSED THE TRAIN.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A BROOKLYN MARRIED MAN WHO THOUGHT HE WOULD HAVE A LIVELY RACKET WITH HIS BOON COMPANIONS DURING HIS WIFE'S ABSENCE IN THE COUNTRY, AND GOT SEVERELY LEFT.



A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

THE DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO CROW CHIEFS ON CLEAR CREEK, WYOMING, WHICH RESULTED IN THE DEATH OF BOTH OF THE BRAVES.

THE PRIZE RING.

An Old Time Pugilist who Sat in Parliament.

Wrangles Over the Lightweight Championship, and Prospects of Fights for Heavyweight Honors.

After Harry Pearce, the "Game Chicken," had relinquished his claim to the championship of England in 1867, he traveled through England giving boxing lessons. On April 30, 1869, he died of consumption, aged 32 years. John Gully, who had twice fought Bill Gregson and defeated him, was booked as the champion.

Gully, however, had no desire to continue his career as a practitioner in the P. R., and indeed had only given Gregson the second meeting as a point of honor, because that worthy was not satisfied with his first defeat, and on the question being put to him, he promptly stated to the sporting world his intention of never again entering the P. R., and some other worthy representative had to be selected. Belcher's name was again brought on the tapis, but now, although his first conqueror, Pearce, had been compelled to retire, there was another obstacle; the star of Tom Cribb, which had been for some time looming in the distance, had attained to such magnitude that in April, 1867, he had been taken in hand by Capt. Barclay, who matched him against Jean Belcher, over whom he obtained a decided victory in 41 minutes. In addition to this Tom Cribb had also vanquished Gully's formidable antagonist, Gregson, with great ease. Here, therefore, was a double reason why he should be dubbed champion. He had conquered the same men who had been beaten by the late champion, and also by the champion elect, and he was consequently at once installed. Pearce, broken in health, would have stood no chance with Gully or Gregson; the latter may in some measure be regarded in the light of the trial horse, by whose performances the right of Tom Cribb to the championship was decided. The first fight between Gully and Gregson took place on the 14th of October, 1867, at Six-mile Bottom, near Newmarket, a spot celebrated as the trying place for many a hard-fought battle. Gregson was a Lancashire man, nearly 6 ft 2 in in height, weighing (15 stone) 210 lbs, of prodigious strength, champion of his own country, and supposed to possess some considerable knowledge of milling. He had distinguished himself by vanquishing, among others, Bourke, the antagonist of both Belcher and Pearce, and was altogether regarded as a most formidable customer. Gully was not quite six feet in height, and about 13½ stone or 189 lbs in weight. He was very muscular, and far more scientific than his opponent, and although, on stripping, there was an evident disparity in the appearance of the men, much to his advantage, still the odds betted were much in his favor. This mill was one of the most slashing affairs of the kind ever known in ancient or modern times. The extraordinary game and resolution displayed on both sides created unbounded astonishment. It was seen that the science of Gully alone had enabled him to turn the tide in his favor; and so high was the opinion entertained of Gregson by his friends, that one and all agreed to give him another chance, thinking that with additional experience he might be more successful. A challenge was therefore issued and quickly accepted by Gully to fight for £200 a side. Articles were drawn up, in which it was stipulated, for the first time we believe, that "neither was to fall without a knock-down blow, subject to the decision of the umpires." The second fight between Gully and Gregson took place, after some magisterial interference, in Sir John Sebright's park, Hertfordshire, on the 10th of May, 1868. This was Gully's last appearance in the prize ring. He retired on his well-earned laurels, and for some years kept the Plough, Carey street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He afterwards retired from business, and during many years of an honorable career on the turf realized a handsome fortune. He sat for some time in Parliament as Member for Pontefract, and enjoyed the friendship and respect of many of the highest families in the land.

The *Daily News*, Denver, says: "There may be something in the revised POLICE GAZETTE rules that allows a referee to reverse his own decision after that decision upon a given point has been publicly announced by the referee himself. If there is we have never seen it, and would venture to suggest that the case is without precedent. When a referee decides on a point within his jurisdiction that point is settled, and is as much beyond his control as that of any one else concerned."

The article above is correct. If a referee gives a decision and then reverses his flat he is not fit to hold such an important office, for it must be understood his mistakes, shortcomings and lack of judgment may cause parties more or less interested to lose thousands of dollars. In the glove fight between Harry Pearson and Clow at Denver, Col., the first decision settled the affair, whether it was right or wrong. Patrick Golden, the referee in the Pearson and Clow contest, explains his second decision by saying that while Clow won the test by squarely defeating his man, a decision in his favor would have left Pearson without a cent, as he was his own backer. This explanation does honor to the referee's generosity, but completely knocks out his justice. It was his place—and should have been his pleasure—to decide the test on its acknowledged merits, leaving Pearson's case to be provided for afterwards; and we feel safe in saying that Clow and his friends would not have been laggards in any movement that would have been suggested which did not intrude upon Pearson's self-respect. He showed a manly spirit in the test and after it, which is hardly consistent with an acceptance of a medal that to him, under present circumstances, would be a flaunting lie, purporting to represent the quality of excellence conceded to Clow—superior endurance in a soft-glove contest. This phase of the case—which is the case in reality—no technically as to hearing or timing can explain away, especially when the referee has publicly acknowledged that he himself was in doubt as to whether time was called.

We clip the following from the *New York Daily News*, a journal that makes a specialty of sporting: "In reply to Jimmy Murray's challenge, in which I am included, to a fight with bare knuckles, and understanding that he and Fulljames are not likely to come together owing to a disagreement about the length of

time for the match to come off, I wish to inform him that if he will call on my backer, Mr. Wm. McGilroy, 160 Hester street, any evening this week, I will be prepared to make a match to fight him for \$1,000 a side, according to the rules of the London prize ring, with bare knuckles, eight weeks from signing articles of agreement. Mr. McGilroy's money is ready at any time the would-be 128-pound champion calls. Sporting men seem to have lost their heads over his defeat of an inexperienced boy such as Turnbull was. As for whipping Green, he deserves no credit, for Green received so much training that he was more fit for a sick bed than to fight the day he entered the ring. He never fought Frazier, of Boston, but they sparred six rounds, the same as George Holden and myself and Jimmy Kelly and myself sparred at the same place, under the same rules, and we never tried to get cheap notoriety by calling it a fight. An experienced fighter like George Fulljames would do with him just as I and a good many others say Jimmy Carney, the English lightweight, did. He rushed at Carney, and the English lightweight just stepped to one side and, as he went past, crossed him with his right, dropping him like a bullock, where he lay. After that Murray only wanted to fight amateurs.

FRANK WHITE,
Featherweight champion of America.

Now this deft looks all very well in print, but there is nothing at the bottom of it. Any pugilist can write a letter to a newspaper and challenge another to fight, but when there is no money posted it amounts to nothing but a cheap bid for notoriety. Murray, it will be remembered, when he was challenged through the POLICE GAZETTE to fight by George Fulljames, did not look for any "fishy" notoriety, but with his backer, Bernard Maguire, called at the POLICE GAZETTE, posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and agreed to fight Fulljames for \$2,000, the high figure the latter wanted to mill for. On Fulljames refusing to fight in less than six months, Murray left his \$250, and issued a genuine challenge (because money was deposited), and agreed to fight any man at 128 lbs for \$2,000 and the lightweight championship. Now, Frank White knew Murray's backer had money posted, and he also knew that he could arrange a match at a moment's notice. Under these circumstances White's challenge was not in order, and there was nothing business like in it. In regard to Murray, we must also inform him that he cannot claim the lightweight championship unless he agrees to fight Charley Norton, who has \$100 forfeit at this office and a standing challenge to meet all comers for the lightweight championship. Norton wants to fight at 133 lbs, while Murray wants to fight at 128 lbs. There cannot be two lightweight champions, and we should advise that each of the claimants split the difference; that is, Norton to give three pounds and Murray two pounds, and fight at 130 lbs. If Murray and Norton do not come to some such agreement there is little probability that either will be able to arrange a match.

"Who is the featherweight champion of America," asked a sporting man while a large party of sports were assembled in the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 16th inst.

"Frank White claims that title," said Tom McAlpine, who has an idea that he is an encyclopedia in prize ring matters, "but he has no right to it."

"How is that?" asked another prize ring oracle.

"Why," said McAlpine, "Arthur Chambers put up \$250 forfeit with Richard K. Fox and offered to match an unknown to fight White at 112 lbs, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, or at 115 lbs, Marquis of Queensberry rules (which is the limit of featherweights), for \$1,000 a side and the featherweight championship, but White, although he claimed the title, failed to accept the challenge."

"Who was Arthur Chambers' unknown," said another sporting man.

"Why, Joe Fowler," said Tom McAlpine, "and he is ready to fight White at any time for \$1,000."

"It is all poppycock," said a sporting man, "for White to claim the featherweight championship when he cannot come to the weight governing the honor."

On July 9, Prof. Brooks, of the Pacific coast, and Peter Nolan, of Cincinnati, commenced a soft glove fight in Mozart Hall, Cincinnati. About 400 people were present. The stakes were \$250 a side, making \$500 to the victor. Prof. Brooks, of California, went into the contest at 180 lbs, worked down by training from 220. Peter Nolan trained off 15 lbs of flesh and entered the lists at 185 lbs. It was agreed that the Marquis of Queensberry rules should govern the contest, and further terms were that Brooks should knock Nolan out of time in four rounds of three minutes each, or yield the palm to his young antagonist. John Mullett, of Pendleton, has been Nolan's trainer, and A. B. Smith, of New York, has given Prof. Brooks the little preparatory training he has taken. At the end of the second round, the police came in and ordered the fight stopped. The parties acquiesced, of course, and no arrests were made. The spectators dispersed at once when the matter was explained to them. Nolan is tall and apparently slender, but is solid. Brooks was fat. Nolan knocked him flat and almost pounded the wind out of him in the first round. In the second round Nolan knocked his man down twice, beside punishing him otherwise severely.

William Sheriff, the middleweight champion of England, said, during a recent interview: "I came to America in response to an invitation of my friend, Arthur Chambers, and have placed myself under his mentorship, and whatever engagements he may make for me I will fulfil to the best of my ability. I did not come here under the impression that I am the best man in all America, but I deem myself as good as any other middleweight in the country, and for the purpose of deciding this question I hereby challenge any man in America to fight me at from 154 to 158 lbs, with the bare knuckles or gloves, for the middleweight championship and \$1,000 or more a side, the fight to take place within a reasonable time, allowing me to get in condition, and at a place where there will be no interference. My backer has deposited \$250 with Harry Hill, and any one who accepts this challenge will please cover the above amount and notify me. I will be prepared to make a match with Charles Mitchell, whether he wins or loses in his fight with Slade, and I hope he will show more willingness to meet me than he did before he left England."

Mitchell and Madden gave an exhibition at Pueblo, Col., on July 2 and 3, and are working gradually toward San Francisco, where they will offer \$500 to any man who stands up before Mitchell four three-minute rounds.

John Leary and Tom Draper are on the eve of matching Hughie Burns to fight the Prussian. Buffalo sporting men for the past two weeks have been greatly excited over a proposed fight with hard gloves, for \$200, between Mervine Thompson, of Rochester, N. Y., and Bill Baker, of Buffalo. Duncan

C. Rosstrained Thompson at Tonawanda, and Michael Halloran trained Baker. On the day set for the mill (last Thursday) Superintendent Curtin notified the backers of the pugilists that they should not fight. E. W. Drew, who was managing the affair, told the superintendent he presumed the trouble grew out of the fact that a morning paper had stated that the contest would be governed by the London prize ring rules instead of the Marquis of Queensberry rules. The superintendent said he cared nothing about rules or other technicalities, but that the principals had manifested so much bad blood that the contest should not occur anyway. He said he believed that the \$100 a side was only a blind to settle the trouble between the men in an alleged regular manner. The pugilists and their backers were bound to bring off the fight, and they went to Navy Island with a large crowd. A ring was erected and the pugilists fought. Baker was seconded by Jack Stuart and his trainer, Prof. John Whitney, while Duncan Ross, the athlete, and Dennis Gallagher, the champion wrestler of Buffalo, took care of the half-breed. Dean Wilson was referee. Baker stripped at 160 and Thompson at 210. Baker was in the best condition. He also proved the best fighter, and won in seven rounds, lasting 32 minutes. He sent Thompson to grass in the fourth round, and knocked him out in the seventh. Thompson got first blood in the second round by a heavy counter on Baker's nose. Considerable money changed hands.

SHE HADN'T GONE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mr. W— is a Brooklynite of high standing and aristocratic connection. He is a married man, and resides in the most fashionable hotel of the City of Churches. Being without children, he prefers this to running a large and expensive house. His wife is a lady with a temper of her own, and keeps him straight in the paths of rectitude.

But last week he went astray. His wife was to go to the country that afternoon, so instead of returning at his usual hour, he got off with a couple of boon companions. It was midnight before he had drunk as much as he could hold. Then he insisted on his friends going home and stopping with him.

They got him to his room, and he had partially undressed, when he suddenly jumped up and hiccupped:

"I'm not going to bed."

"Where are you going then?" demanded his friends.

"Let's go and see some girls," he replied. "My wife went away this morning, and I'm d—d if I go to bed till I see some girls."

At this juncture he stopped. Peeping out between the curtain of the alcove in which his bed was, was his wife. She had missed her train.

From the fact that he has not been seen around since, his friends infer that something happened to him after they left.

A HARLOT'S VENGEANCE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An extraordinary story is now current in the Paris papers. The heroine of it is an American, a belle of the demi monde for some years, known there as Madame Willson. She is said to come from Baltimore. For some months she had been enjoying the protection of a Russian noble, Prince Dohnsoff, who had been squandering a fortune on her. Tiring of her at last he determined on a separation. She professed herself satisfied, and said they must part friends, to which he readily agreed. She spent some days packing up and getting ready to leave him, for they had been living together in his hotel. Finally she expressed most of her trunks away, it is supposed to America. On the morning set for her departure Dohnsoff had a magnificent breakfast prepared for her. She complained that she had no appetite and suggested that they should try a bout with the foils to stir her blood. The prince was an expert swordsman and had amused his leisure instructing her. He agreed, laughing, and they had a set-to. A groan and a heavy fall summoned his valet to find him bleeding on the floor with his ex-mistress standing over him, sword in hand. It was then discovered that she had borrowed a file from the porter the night before and filed the buttons from the foils, determined to carry out the purpose she succeeded in. She was arrested. The Prince is not expected to recover, and is probably already dead.

THE MURDER AT THE FERRY

[Subject of Illustration.]

The fair daughter of an old farmer, who for years has run a ferry across the Withlacoochee river, in Florida, was quite a belle in her way, and many a susceptible tourist has been captivated by her grace while pulling the clumsy old scow across the sluggish stream. Among the visitors this summer to the land of flowers was a young married man from the North, who with his bride was making a tour. While stopping in the neighborhood he one day chanced to be ferried across the river by the charming young boatwoman. Being a great admirer of female beauty he forgot his newly taken vows, and became infatuated by the pretty face and graceful form of the farmer's daughter. Day after day he lingered in the neighborhood, although his wife was importuning him to return to the North. On the plea of fishing he haunted the stream, and had stolen interviews with his charmer. The young bride becoming suspicious followed him one day, and found her truant lord had been straying in forbidden pastures. Being of an impulsive and jealous disposition she could not brook such an act of perfidy, and drawing a revolver that she had carried for the purpose of indulging in the visitors' favorite sport of shooting at alligators, she fired at the couple in the boat, and the unfortunate girl, who was propelling the boat, fell mortally wounded.

MURDERED BY A MANIAC

Another murder, by a supposed harmless lunatic, has just been reported from Panola county, Texas. A man named McDonald, who has been considered a harmless lunatic, killed his wife with an axe, horribly mutilating her head and body. Six years ago McDonald concluded he would climb into heaven, and with that idea mounted a pine tree. When about 60 feet from the ground he jumped off. The thick branches kept him from being killed by the fall, but when he was picked up he was found to have several bones broken. McDonald came from Indiana, and it is said, killed his stepfather or father-in-law there. After murder, his wife he fled to the woods, and cannot be found. His wife was the sister of Mr. John Winter, a prominent citizen of Carthage, Texas.

THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

The "Is It Hot Enough For You" Fiend Tackles Him and Gets Left.

The Religious Editor was putting the finishing touches to the sermon the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had requested him to write for Mr. Beecher to deliver at Plymouth church next Sunday, and had paused at the seventy-seventh to command the diamond-buttoned Rubian page to fill the cooler with champagne punch again, when his first visitor for the day came in. He was a big man, with an abdominal protuberance that would have made a model for a bay window, and a very squeaky voice. As the Religious Editor mopped the perspiration from his alabaster brow with his \$100 gold embroidered bandana, his visitor asked: "Is it hot enough for you?"

There was something strangely familiar in this question. It seemed to the Religious Editor that he had heard it several times before. So he looked his caller sternly in the face and answered:

"No, sir; it is not."

This reply made the stranger very uneasy. He hemmed, hawed, shifted in his chair, and finally grabbed a \$75 gold-handled fan, and went away muttering something about having to catch a train.

He had hardly been hurled from the back window by a menial, whom the Religious Editor had telephoned to for the purpose, when a thin, elderly person, with watery, red eyes, took his place. The new comer swept a chair off with his coat tails, sat down, blew his nose through his fingers, and wiped them on a prayer rug and then began:

"Well, I hope it's hot enough—"

The miserable man got no further. A blow of the jewel-studded editorial club had silenced him forever, and in a moment more his corpse had been cast to the ravening bloodhounds in the castle court.

"Absorb the crimson flow, Belshazzar," commanded the Religious Editor, as he resumed his labor for the faith.

The Nubian page had removed the lifeblood from the prayer rug, when a third visitor announced himself. He entered briskly, being a pert looking little man, with side whiskers and a turn-up nose.

"Morning," said he, rubbing his hands. "Morning, brother, morning. How is this for a hot—"

At a signal from the Religious Editor Belshazzar drove the dagger to the hilt into his back. The wretched being expired without a groan. Having been carefully searched by Belshazzar, who appropriated to his own use the thirty cents in small change and the subscription list which formed his sole possessions, he was passed out to the ash shoot and the dogs commenced another lunch.

A seedy man with a red nose, who said he was Rev. Ananias Pump, of the Cold Water Temperance Union, and who had a life of Mary Magdalen in 999 parts, two superb steel plates and many illustrations in the text, price only 50 cents per part, to sell, followed this caller. He breathed so sweetly on the Religious Editor that the latter nearly fainted. When he came to himself on two tumblers of champagne punch administered by Belshazzar the book agent was being carried out, a corpse.

"How is this Belshazzar?" inquired the Religious Editor.

"When you done faint, sah," replied Belshazzar, "he commence, 'Am it hot nuff—,' but before he could get furder, sah, I gub it to him, so."

And Belshazzar brandished the crimsoned cleaver which the Religious Editor uses to break up the diamonds sent to him when they are too large to be conveniently carried. The sagacious boy's wages were increased to a thousand dollars a day at once.

Eleven times more was the fatal question repeated to the Religious Editor that day, and eleven times was the just vengeance of outraged humanity meted out to its propounder. The shades of evening were preparing to fall when Belshazzar presented to his master a card, as follows:

MR. HENRY BERGH,
Presd't S. P. C. A.,
H. U. M. B. U. G.

"Show him in," commanded the Religious Editor. Mr. Bergh entered.

"I have called," he said, "in the name of our common humanity to protest against the outrage which, it has been reported to me, has been perpetrated heretoday with your sanction."

"Dear me!" replied the Religious Editor, "I thought I had given orders to remove all the fly traps from the building."

"It is not fly traps," responded Mr. Bergh, solemnly. "Is it possible that some one has trapped a rat then?"

"Nor is it rats."

"What is it, then?"

"It is reported," said Mr. Bergh, "that you have been giving your dogs nothing but clergymen to eat to day. Now there is a statute against destroying an animal by cruel and inhuman means, and I give you fair warning that unless you provide them with clean and decent food—"

The Religious Editor promised. He now has his victims cast into the sewers, and an extraordinary mortality among the East River sharks is reported in consequence.

JACK HANLEY.

[With Portrait.]

Hanley is a Colorado boy, 5 feet 8½ inches in height, and weighing 178 pounds, untrained. His fighting weight is about 160. He is very compactly built, and has also had his successes in the ring, but declines to give a pedigree. His first fight, however, took place in Indiana, about ten years ago, in which he soundly thrashed his opponent. In Mobile, a short time after, he again had a fight and again punished his man badly. He also met Jack O'Neil, who fought Con Owen in his time. Hanley's last battle in the prize ring arena prior to his arranging a match with Tom Walling, was with Andy Sweeney, the Kansas City pugilist. The pugilists fought near Kansas City, according to the rules of the London prize ring, Sept. 4, 1883, for \$500 a side.

CHARLES BARRON.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Barron is what is called in the profession a "Boston Actor." Nowadays Boston actors are better than those of New York. Mr. Barron is one of the best of these. He has a long and honorable record, and adds to it with every season's work he does.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

Pete Browning is a sad relic of a once good ball player. The Buffaloes have a Darling by name and nature. He played behind the bat and catches all the girls.

Curcio has scored on Umpire Burnham, but that is Chicago like. They want the whole hog or none.

The New Yorks anticipate getting either first or second place, but they will be lucky if they get seventh place.

The East Saginaws are making all of the Northwestern league clubs stir their stumps in a pretty lively manner.

Little Jakey Evans is doing big work with the Cleveland, and they regard him as one of the most valuable men they have.

Decker is giving as much dissatisfaction in the West as he did in the East, and there is a fresh howl set up from every town he reaches.

Is the Chicago Tribune drops a few "trades" on Burnham, they will undoubtedly be a little more choice in their language in the future.

Detmott, like Chicago, have set up a howl against Burnham's umpiring. They say he is "weak, vacillating, cowardly and incompetent."

The New Yorks are a funny lot of ducks, and it is difficult to tell anything about them. They win when least expected and do nothing when big work is anticipated.

The Cleveland Leader, in speaking of Hogan, of the Philadelphia club, says he "does a great dancing act on the top of his left toe just before he starts to deliver the ball."

It is enough to give a man cramps in his stomach to sit among the spectators at a baseball match and listen to the men talk who imagine they know a great deal about baseball.

Taylor, of the Alleghenys, is blooming out as quite a pitcher. The last game he pitched against the Athletics, of Philadelphia, they couldn't, any of them, hit him to good effect.

The Cleveland Herald says: "Phillips has sacrificed his mustache, and looks sad and lonely without it. He says it got mixed in with Chicago air, and he was ashamed of it."

"Doc" Kennedy's best ball days are about over. He used to be a fine catcher before his arm got out of gear, but now he is utterly useless although under contract with the Buffalo club.

The Buffaloes consider O'Neill the weak spot of the New York team, but if the management were to release him they would be the first club to scoop him up. There are tricks in every trade but ours.

The Buffalo reporters criticised the playing very severely in the New York-Buffalo game of July 11, calling it a "schoolboy exhibition," etc. It is not necessary to say the New Yorks won the game, as the tone of the Buffalo critics show that.

McCormick's pitching yesterday was fine, and he did not have a swelled head about it, either. He wears the same sized hat that he did when the season opened, and there isn't a pitcher in the league that can give him a point.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Whitney's mouth will yet be the death of him. It is always getting away from him and going off like a race horse. It became unmanageable and got beyond his control July 13 at Detroit, when Umpire Burnham was obliged to fine him \$10 for back talk.

The Columbus club have a deaf-mute pitcher; the Cleveland have a one-handed pitcher; the Toledo have a colored catcher; the Providence nine have a centrefielder who is as deaf as a post, and all these men manage to make about \$2,000 a year.—*Globe-Democrat*.

Burnham has brought a suit for libel against the Chicago Tribune, so it is reported, for calling him a pool room sharp. If Burnham can prove he is not a pool room sharp, and there is no doubt he can it is very probable the Tribune will have to ante up.—*Cleveland Leader*.

It is said that Manager Bancroft has been advised by his physicians to refrain from smiling. He laughed so much over the manner in which his team whipped the bruiser Chicago that his mouth was in danger of becoming permanently elongated to a fearful extent.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Harry Wessels, of the Columbus club, late of the Cincinnati, parted with his gold watch, jacket and chain to some unknown person at the bicycle races in Columbus. It doesn't speak well for Harry's condition, but still we will give him the benefit of the doubt, and say he wasn't drunk.

The Detroit Free Press imagines that the Bostonians are sorely in need of reform in point of "kicking," but the Detroit has better take the beam out of their own eye before they take the mote from the eye of the Bostonians. The trouble with these baseball men is they are not well read in Scripture.

Prechers are in great demand this season. The amateurs are being scooped up from all parts of the country, as the managers imagine that the old league pitchers are all played out, but this is a great mistake, as the improvement is in the batting, and the pitchers get batted freely whether amateurs or professionals, new or old.

The Fort Wayne club no doubt acted rather hastily in suspending their pitcher, Geras, for sixty days, for alleged crooked playing in throwing a game in the interest of gamblers. It was certainly a funny proceeding. If Geras did throw the game he should have been expelled from the arena, and if he did not he has been very unjustly treated.

Harry Luff successfully succeeded in playing the 'possum on the Brooklyn club. The Brooklyn management, unsophisticated in the artful schemes of the ball players, released Luff for poor playing, because they thought he was no good, whereupon Harry signed with the Eclipse club, of Louisville, for double the amount he was receiving in Brooklyn, and is now playing baseball up to the hilt.

"The management of the Toledo club," says the Dayton Journal, "will present each of its players with a suit of clothes and an overcoat this fall, if the club stands as high as third place in the Northwestern League." If they fall to do so, however, they will take away the clothes they have got now, and let them don their ulsters all winter and go on their uppers. At present the prospects are bright for their not getting the new suits.

Mannell, the poke, who was up to his old tricks of thinking everything but what he ought to think, caused a delay of about 20 minutes in starting a game in St. Louis. He came into the ground on a snail's gallop, his usual gait, saying he had taken the horse car, thinking it was the elevated road, and imagined he should be excused because he had been so basely deceived. He had been roused up out of a sound sleep, and thought he was in New York instead of in St. Louis.

The quiet and conciliatory manner of Morrill, manager of the Boston, formed a decided contrast yesterday to the aggressive and bullying conduct of Burdock, field captain of the team. It is somewhat difficult to understand the motive which has prompted the Boston directors to choose as a captain a man who is notoriously belligerent in his manner and unscrupulous in points of play, when they have in the same field a much superior and more respected player.—*Detroit Post and Tribune*.

Burdock, who has played ball long enough to have a little sense, although captain of the Boston team, is one of the most short-sighted men in the league. While the Bostonians were playing the Detroit July 13, at Detroit, Burdock so far forgot himself as to catch Powell and hold him and thus prevent him from fielding a ball, for which action Umpire Burnham fined him \$20. Burdock is a regular miser, and this fine hurt him more than a thousand strokes at the whipping post would have done.

Leach Maskrey, Louisville's faithful centre-fielder, is a man of more than ordinary literary attainment. He is also a finished artist at the easel, and a musician of no mean ability. He reads Dickens, Thackeray and Bulwer almost constantly during the week, and when Sunday comes he freezes to the Police Gazette with a determined, irrepressible avidity that knows no suppression until Birdie Latham comes in to ask for the large illustrations on the first page for lodgment in his gallery of fine arts.—*Louisville Commercial*.

After all the hubbub, bickering and squalling over Jones, the celebrated Yale pitcher, who was possibly offered one of the highest salaries that has ever been offered a pitcher in this country, the Detroit finally succeeded in carrying off the prize, and he proved a white elephant for them in less than one game. The Providence club used him up so badly in four innings that all Detroit sored on him, and the management were obliged to re-

move him to make room for Weidman, little Dutch Weidman, who still remains a good pitcher after all the mushrooms have sprung up and faded away.

Dedicated to John Sluggery Leary:

Old Energy sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay;
I'll do it, he said, I'll do it, he said,
I'll make a base hit this day.

The day came bright, and the day came clear,
And Old Energy came to the plate;
Three strikes and out was the umpire's shout,
And the base hit was still on the slate.

Courier-Journal.

The League are stooping to small business when they attempt to steal the umpires from the American Association. They had all the chances in the world to have these first class umpires before the season opened, but rejected them in order to carry out their scientific idea of having men perfectly unbiased in their opinions, and who were made acquainted with the baseball players, and who were in every respect of a higher order than any of the umpires thus rejected. They got in a lot of dudes, and they have all proved dead failures, and now the league clubs are trying to edge around the American Association umpires, who are the best in the country.

There is new movement on foot among the ball players of the country to break through the reserve rule at the close of the season. It is a good idea, and something the players should have done long ago. They are the ones who should control baseball instead of the managers. All they need is to have sufficient courage to start the ball rolling. In this present move they will be encouraged by at least two-thirds of the baseball managers in the country, as really the only clubs in the league benefited by the reserve rule are the Cleveland, Providence, Chicago and Boston clubs, and three of these clubs wouldn't mind strengthening their teams if they could.

The Philadelphias, when they found all hope was lost of their winning the league championship, adopted a new scheme, and are now selling their players in order to get their money back. Lewis was sold to St. Louis for \$800, which shows the market for flesh and blood is as good as it was in the days of slavery. Ferguson ought to bring about \$8,000, as there are four men in the league that can compare with him in kicking and chinning. Blodde Purcell is worth a million, and if Reach only goes in the auction business and knocks off all the boys at a high figure, he will be away ahead and independent at the close of the season, as he will have all the money, while the other clubs will be scarping for position in the race.

Shaffer was declared out yesterday for making a foul strike. Shaffer is a peculiar one, and has many funny ways. One of them is talking to himself when he is running after a fly. When on the run, after a long hit, he will say, "Shaffer, if you are any good, catch this ball. Now, Shaf, see if you can catch it." If he catches the ball, as he generally does, he says to himself, "Good boy, Shaf; you haven't forgotten how," and will have quite a friendly conversation with himself. But let him miff a fly or fumble a grounder and he is all broken up. His remarks on the subject are mournful: "Shaffer, you're no good. You're getting too old to play ball, and you'll have to retire at the close of the season." Yes, Shaffer is a peculiar one. But he is just about the best rightfielder in the country.—*Buffalo Express*.

There have been many novel things tried in baseball, such as female baseball nines, colored and Chinese nines, playing ball on the ice, and playing ball by electric light, but the most ridiculous thing that has yet been attempted is playing ball in the water. A game was played at Bay Ridge, near Baltimore, July 12, between the Newingtons and Our Boys of Baltimore, in which the Newingtons defeated Our Boys in a score of 2 to 0 in a nine-inning game. The first baseman and rightfielder stood knee deep in water. The pitcher, catcher and batsman stood waist deep, as did the centre-fielder, second baseman and short stop. The third baseman was up under his arms, while only the head and shoulders of the leftfielder appeared above the water. Life preservers anchored in the water served as bases. Some most ridiculous antics occurred, too numerous for a descriptive account.

The Philadelphia Times has the following interesting gossip regarding next season: "Already arrangements are making for next season. A rumor that has caused a great sensation in this city is that Harry Wright has been engaged and will bring the pick of the Providence players with him; also, that Cleveland is to retire from the league and the entire nine is to go to St. Louis, which will have a league club, and Ferguson is spoken of as the manager. Cleveland is to have an American association nine, so rumor goes, and Baltimore is to retire from the American association and enter the league. Providence will be dropped by the league, and not represented in any association. Washington, Brooklyn and Chicago are almost certain of being admitted to the American association, while the Merritts of Camden are determined that they shall not be slighted as they were this season. The Interstate association will dissolve, and a new organization will take its place, which will be entirely independent of the American association. This last movement will be made in order that the new organization can have a nine located in this city on a down town ground. The most startling rumor comes from the West, where it is said Von der Ahe, president of the St. Louis club, has a scheme to divide up both the American association and the league and form an Eastern and Western League. The dividing line would be at Pittsburg, and all clubs west of that city would be in the Western League. This would absorb all the professional clubs in the principal cities West, and would also compel the new Union nine of Chicago to disband. The Eastern League would be composed of the two Philadelphia clubs, the two New York nines, Boston, Providence, Baltimore, and probably Brooklyn or Washington. Manager Phillips, of Columbus, claims to be an active agent of Von der Ahe, and is working the scheme up, and expects to manage one of the Western nines. The foregoing information comes from innumerable sources, and while it is all the gossip of the street and cannot be traced to authentic sources, it goes to show the really live interest that is felt in the national pastime.

For the past five years the New York and Providence jewellers have kept up a friendly intercourse through an annual game of baseball, and a regular festive jollification day. These festivities were brought about in 1879, when the Providence club won the League championship of the United States. Some manufacturers of jewelry were visiting this city at that time, and being exceedingly enthusiastic on the subject they talked nothing but baseball, which led to the New Yorkers twitting them considerably on the subject. It ran so high that the New Yorkers offered to play the Providence manufacturers a game of baseball on their own grounds. Neither knew much about baseball, but a little thing like this did not stand in their way, and the game was played. The New Yorkers visited Providence and were warmly greeted. The game resulted in a victory for the New Yorkers. The following year the return game was played in New York, when the Providence won. The New Yorkers were so well pleased with the manner in which they were entertained in Providence that they were determined to give the visitors a good time. So they chartered a steamer and took them to points of interest about New York. In the following year, which was the third, and supposed to be the final one, the New Yorkers visited Providence about 400 strong, and headed by a brass band. They were met by a large delegation from Providence headed by a military band. Quite a display of a parade was made through the public streets. After the game a train of cars was in readiness and conveyed the entire party to Rocky Point, where upward of a thousand sat down to a most delicious clambake. There were some most elegant and costly prizes of silverware and jewelry put up by leading manufacturers of New York, Boston, Providence and other leading cities, as trophies for the winning club. The Providence club won the game, which gave them all the prizes. The New Yorkers were greatly chagrined, not so much at losing the prizes as they were at the entertainment given by the Providence club being so far superior to the one they had given the year previous. Consequently they suggested to their friends that, irrespective of the series of three games for the prizes, that they keep up this annual meeting and friendly contest of baseball. Therefore the next game was played in New York in 1882, and a most elaborate display was made. The visitors were met at the boat and escorted to the Astor House, where breakfast was served. A public parade was then made through the lower part of the city, and the whole party marched to the foot of Murray street, where they took a chartered steamer to Hoboken, where a most enjoyable game was played, and won by the New Yorkers. At the close of which they marched back to the steamer and were conveyed to the Palisade House at Englewood, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared. This year the game was played in Providence and won by the New Yorkers, the display made by the Providence people was very grand, they trying to outdo the efforts of the New Yorkers the year previous.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW YORK BY MIDNIGHT!

Metropolitan Vice Unmasked and Illustrated in all its Enormity, in

THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!

Now Publishing in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Saturday. Price 5 Cents.

T. R. G., Catskill, N. Y.—B makes a run of five.
G. W. R., Plum Grove, Ill.—They are not married.
P. J. K., Bristol, Conn.—B won the race and A cannot claim a foul.

BARBER, St. Louis, Mo.—Send 50 cents, we will send you the book.
W. W., Woodport, N. Y.—We furnish no information about lotteries.

W. J. H., Newtown, Conn.—Ryan weighed 195 lbs. Sullivan, 193 lbs.

D. S., Boston.—Joe Goss keeps the Saracen's Head, Lagrange street, Boston.

MANY ESQUIRE, New York.—The party who threw two sixes and a five wins.

A. W. McP., Spring Hill, N. J.—The pedestrian referee decided first, won.

J. H., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The estimated population of Pekin, China, is 3,900,000.

J. M., Brownsville, Texas.—O'Leary only competed once for the Astley Belt in England.

D. W., Shenandoah, Pa.—Four fours and a seven count twenty-four at cribbage. 2. No.

P. J. M., Waterville, Me.—Write to Harry Wright. He can furnish you with all details.

C. H. G., Angelica, N. Y.—1. We do not advertise lotteries. 2. It should have been 1867.

M. V., Mount Vernon, Ind.—A letter addressed care of this office will be forwarded to him.

S. W., Albany, N. Y.—C. A. C. Smith, the colored pugilist, never fought Jack Stewart.

S. S., Rochester, N. Y.—We answered your inquiry in the last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

C. M., Baltimore, Md.—Send for "Spalding's Baseball Guide." It will give you all information.

CONSTANT READER, Granville, N. Y.—We do not advertise lotteries and their modus operandi.

J. M., Brooklyn.—The Hounds association, of the Ninth ward, New York, were organized in 1849.

S. G., Columbus, Ohio.—C. A. C. Smith, the colored champion, never boxed with John L. Sullivan.

JUNBO, Chicago.—If you address a letter to Bob Matterson, care of this office, it will reach him.

CONSTANT READER, Omaha, Neb.—The height of John L. Sullivan is 5 ft 10½ in in his stocking feet.

S. W., Pittsburg, Pa.—1. Warren E. Smith defeated Evan Morris, of Pittsburg, in two races. 2. No.

M. J., New Orleans, La.—A wins. Sullivan was the first in the ring on the day he fought Paddy Ryan.

R. J. C., Austin, Texas.—It makes no difference where you reside if you want to join a baseball club.

A. H., Leadville, Col.—1. There is no such institution in New York. 2. Go to the Hot Springs, Arkansas.

S. M., Baltimore, Md.—1. Henry Constable, the Jockey, is dead. 2. He died at Epsom, England, Feb. 17, 1881.

M. C., Mahanoy City, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. Send on the portraits with sketches and we will make use of them.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Hazel did not compete in a six-days' race in New York city in 1880.

G. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Arthur Chambers and John H. Clark only fought once in the ring; Chambers won.

A. M. C., Peshtigo, Wis.—1. Yes. 2. Pat McHugh did challenge John Donaldson to fight for \$1,000 a side.

S. M., Rochester, N. Y.—1. H. M. Dufur is taller than Duncan C. Ross. 2. Dufur stands 6 feet; Ross, 5 feet 11½.

A. B. C., Hancock, Mich.—Ryan claims he weighed 195 lbs the day he met Sullivan. Sullivan weighed 193 lbs.

J. M. W., Bridgeport, Conn.—Jem Mace has made three trips from London, England, to New York, and A wins.

J. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—The Hudson River Amateur Rowing Association was organized in 1867 and collapsed in 1871.

D. H. M., Peach Springs, Arizona.—Certainly he can, if there is not a mutual agreement before the game commences.

J. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Johnny Mackey, the pugilist, beat Johnny Roberts and fought a draw with Jack Nelson.

CONSTANT READER, Waltham, Mass.—John street is only two blocks or squares from the general post office in New York.

J. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Send fifty cents and we will send you the POLICE GAZETTE containing all of Tom Hyer's battles.

J. J. P., Cohoes, N. Y.—1. There are 2,436 men on the New York police force, including officers. 2. Write to the Boston Globe.

H. W., Baltimore, Md.—The Windsor theatre is larger than the Thalia. The former will hold between 4,000 and 4,500 persons.

J. M., Rochester, N. Y.—1. The mail train from New York to New Orleans is 58 hours. 2. To San Francisco, Cal., 156 hours.

M. A. V., Pawnee City, Neb.—1. It was on July —, that Wm. H. Vanderbilt drove Maud S and Aline a mile in 2:15½. 2. Yes.

Wm. R. J., Leadville, Mahoning Co., Ohio.—Send a letter to John Woods, POLICE GAZETTE photographer, 208 Bowery, New York.

J. S., Detroit, Mich.—1. Harry Allen, the English pugilist, died at Manchester, England, March 15, 1873. 2. He never fought Jem Mace.

P. McC., Jeanville.—Harry Lewis is a professional runner; any athlete who competes for a money prize or gate money is a professional.

M. H., Rochester, N. Y.—A straight flush does not count at poker, except as a flush, unless it is specially agreed upon before commencing.

O. S., Davenport, Iowa.—1. The next six-day race will take place in New York this fall, for the POLICE GAZETTE six-day diamond belt.

D. M., Kansas City.—Jerry Donovan fought four times in the ring, defeating Jim Burns, Johnny McIlade, John Gallagher and Steve O'Donnell.

G. W., Newcastle, Del.—Napoleon III. was elected Emperor of France when the empire was revived, Nov. 22, 1852. He was deposed Sept. 4, 1870.

G. H., San Francisco, Cal.—Joe Acton, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, stands 5 ft 5 in in height, and weighs 142 pounds in condition.

H. M. B., Detroit, Mich.—We do not believe that either Sheriff, Burke, or Burns, would have any the best of a prize ring encounter with Charley Mitchell.

M. Q., Philadelphia, Pa.—The British merchant navy comprises 3,300 steam vessels and over 20,500 sailing vessels, representing a total value of \$19,170,357.

J. B. H., Utica, N. Y.—Brandy and peppermint, or hot drops taken before entering the water will prevent cramps. Send \$5 and we will send them to you.

A SCURRIER, Carbon.—It was not a fair start, but if the judges decided that the horse was allowed to start twenty feet ahead there is now no appeal.

SAMBO, New Orleans, La.—John Gully, the champion pugilist of England, was elected a member of the British Parliament for Pontefract in December, 1862.

H. McL., Blackburn, Eng.—We could not interest ourselves in your proposed scheme, simply because there is not enough of interest manifested in the sport.

S. G., Peoria, Ill.—If articles of agreement were signed between A and B and a deposit posted, A forfeits the stakes up if he refuses to go on with the match.

D. E. B., New York city.—We cannot offer any prize in your games, having already given away \$500 in medals, trophies, etc., for competitions to promote sport.

L., East Saginaw, Mich.—1. Write to P. T. Barnum; we cannot inform you. 2. 5 feet 8 inches. 3. Crossley's best record for 100

yards is 10 seconds. He is a native of England and resides in Philadelphia.

W. S. B., Utica, N. Y.—Jim Mace did not fight Joe Coburn in Ireland for a very good reason, Mace leaving Ireland the night before the day fixed for the battle.

J. M., Sheephead Bay, New York.—A loses. George Fordham did not ride Foxhall when he won the Czarwitch in England, Oct. 11, 1882. McDonald was the jockey.

H. B., Indianapolis, Ind.—The race should have been run over again. When the referee gave his decision to that effect, and when B refused to run, C was entitled to the stakes.

C. H. Y., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.—We cannot arrange any match for your brother, for there are no one-armed pigeon shooters, since James Ward retired, who amount to anything.

T. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—If the referee decided that Jack won the stakes in the fight with Cribb, there is no use fighting against his decision, whether his decision was correct or otherwise.

J. M., Brownsville, Texas.—1. Barney Aaron is not dead. 2. He retired from the ring in 1869. 3. His last battle was with Sam Collier for the lightweight championship, which he won.

J. W. W., Keesville, N. Y.—1. We only know of one Tony Pastor, and he is the original and still in the land of the living. 2. Billy Pastor and Dody Pastor, brothers of the only Tony, are dead.

J. O. C., Paris, Ky.—1. Rule 20 of the London prize ring stipulates that the referee and umpires shall take their positions outside the ropes in front of the centre stake, and B loses. 2. No.

B. B. L., Paschal, N. Mex.—If you are ambitious, and would like to gain laurels in the prize ring, send on a forfeit to this office and we will publish your challenge to John L. Sullivan.

F. D. S., Erie, Pa.—1. Hanlan never rowed three miles with a turn and beat Chas. E. Courtney's record for that distance, but he beat Courtney. 2. Fast time is no criterion of car-manship.

S. M., Shelbyville, Ky.—1. It was on Jan. 6, 1872, that Col. James Fisk was shot by Ed. Stokes. 2. The shooting was done on the stairway of the Grand Central hotel, in Broadway, New York.

H. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Jem Mace never fought Tom Sayers; neither did the latter and Joe Coburn ever fight. Send for the POLICE GAZETTE's book entitled "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."

S. G., Portland, Me.—John Morrissey did not fight more battles than John C. Heenan in the prize ring, and A loses. Morrissey fought Thompson, Sullivan (Yankee) and Heenan, whipping them all. Heenan fought Morrissey, Sayers and King.

J. M., Jefferson Co., N. Y.—1. John C. Heenan never won a prize fight. 2. Chas. Rowell never covered 600 miles in six days. 3. Peter Morris came to this country with Tom Allen and Bill Ryall. Joe Goss came to this country with Jem Mace.

J. M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y., and S. M. H., Paterson, N. J.—Jim Murray, to be the lightweight champion pugilist of America, would be compelled to fight all comers up to 133 lbs, which is the limit of weight governing the lightweight championship.

F. H. S., Malone, N. Y.—If it is stipulated that neither are to stop during the race, then the contestant that did so would lose. In all races, either at walking, running or bicycle riding, a competitor has the privilege of stopping and resuming the contest.

W. R. J., Syracuse, N. Y.—No definite arrangements have as yet been made for a six-day go-as-you-please race for the POLICE GAZETTE diamond champion belt. As soon as arrangements are completed full particulars will be published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

H. B., Auburn, N. Y.—Thirty seconds' rest only is allowed after each round in a prize ring encounter when London prize ring rules govern. In all contests governed by Marquis of Queensberry or POLICE GAZETTE rules one minute rest is allowed between each round.

M. H., Columbus, Ohio.—1. The best six-day go-as-you-please score was made by George Hazel. 2. He covered 600 miles at Madison Square garden, New York, in 14h 15m 45s. 3. He rested ninety times during the week and was off the track 3h 32m and 40s. 4. No.

F. B., South Pueblo, Col.—1. The American yacht Sappho competed against the English yacht Cambria, and also against the Dauntless in this country. 2. The Sappho also competed against the Cambria in England. 3. Any sporting news you send we will thank you for.

H. A. B., Baltimore, Md.—1. Sullivan and Ryan fought nine rounds in eleven minutes. 2. A round ends when a pugilist falls, is knocked down, or is thrown down by his opponent. Thirty seconds' rest is then allowed before the pugilists are summoned to renew the battle.

H. R., Chicago, Ill.—1. No. 2. Dick Egan, the "Troy Terror," is now one of the knights of the club and shield at Troy, N. Y. 3. In 1865 Gladiateur, the English race horse, was credited with running one mile 17 yards in 1m 38s. The performance was not, however, authenticated.

S. G., Chicago, Ill.—The only prize fight against time we know of was the battle between Carter and Robinson, in England, when Carter was matched to defeat Robinson in 30m. It was fought June 16, 1816, and Carter won by a foul in 28m 30s, Robinson falling without a blow.

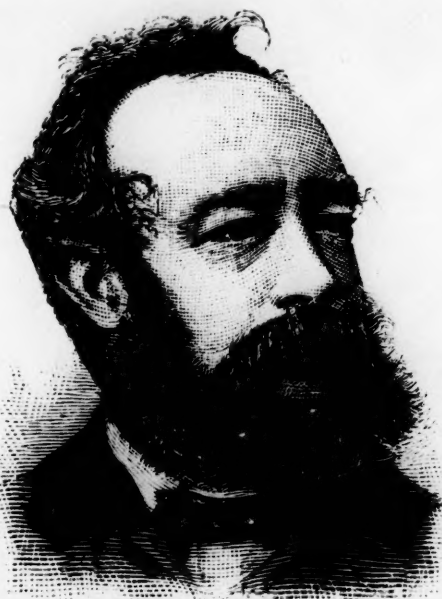
C. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—Hanlan was disqualified for fouling in the Boston annual regatta in July, 1877, and the committee did pass a resolution disqualifying him from entering any further regattas given under their auspices. The committee afterward reconsidered their action in the matter.

J. M., Providence, R. I.—B is wrong. Dan O'Leary won the Astley Belt before Weston won the trophy or competed for it. 2. The first contest for the Astley Belt was held at Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, England, on March 18 to 23, 1878. O'Leary won it, covering 520 miles 440 yards.

J. W., Burlington.—1. William, better known as Boss Harrington, was not born in Ireland. 2. He was born in this city in 1

"General Tom Thumb."

Charles Haywood Stratton, better known to the world as "General Tom Thumb," shuffled off this mortal coil on July 15, at his pleasant home in Middleboro, Mass. Although he had been indisposed for several days, his death was sudden, having been caused by a stroke of apoplexy. His irregular habits and occasional excesses are said to have contributed no little to his end. General Thumb, who was a little over 45 years of age, has had a remarkable career. As a member of P. T. Barnum's show, he travelled around the world and was introduced to almost every crowned head. If not an exceedingly small dwarf, he was intelligent and accomplished, and this aroused more curiosity

**"GENERAL" ALFRED AYLWARD,**

THE EX-BOER COMMANDANT WHO HAS ELOPED WITH A PRETTY YOUNG BROOKLYN MISS.

an audience by the Queen. Altogether General Thumb was one of the most remarkable dwarfs ever born. His form and face were perfect in their symmetry at the time he was first shown to the public, and that, together with his naturally winning ways, made him jump into popularity at once. When first shown he was twenty-six inches tall and weighed nineteen pounds. His growth was very slow, and when he had arrived at the age of 24 years he was but thirty-two inches tall.

Irene Perry.

Miss Perry, who replaced Kate Castleton in "Pop," at the Bijou, when Miss Castleton chose to retire, is one of the briskest and

**"GENERAL TOM THUMB,"**

AMERICA'S REMARKABLE DWARF; DIED JULY 15, AT MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

**GRACE COURTLAND,**

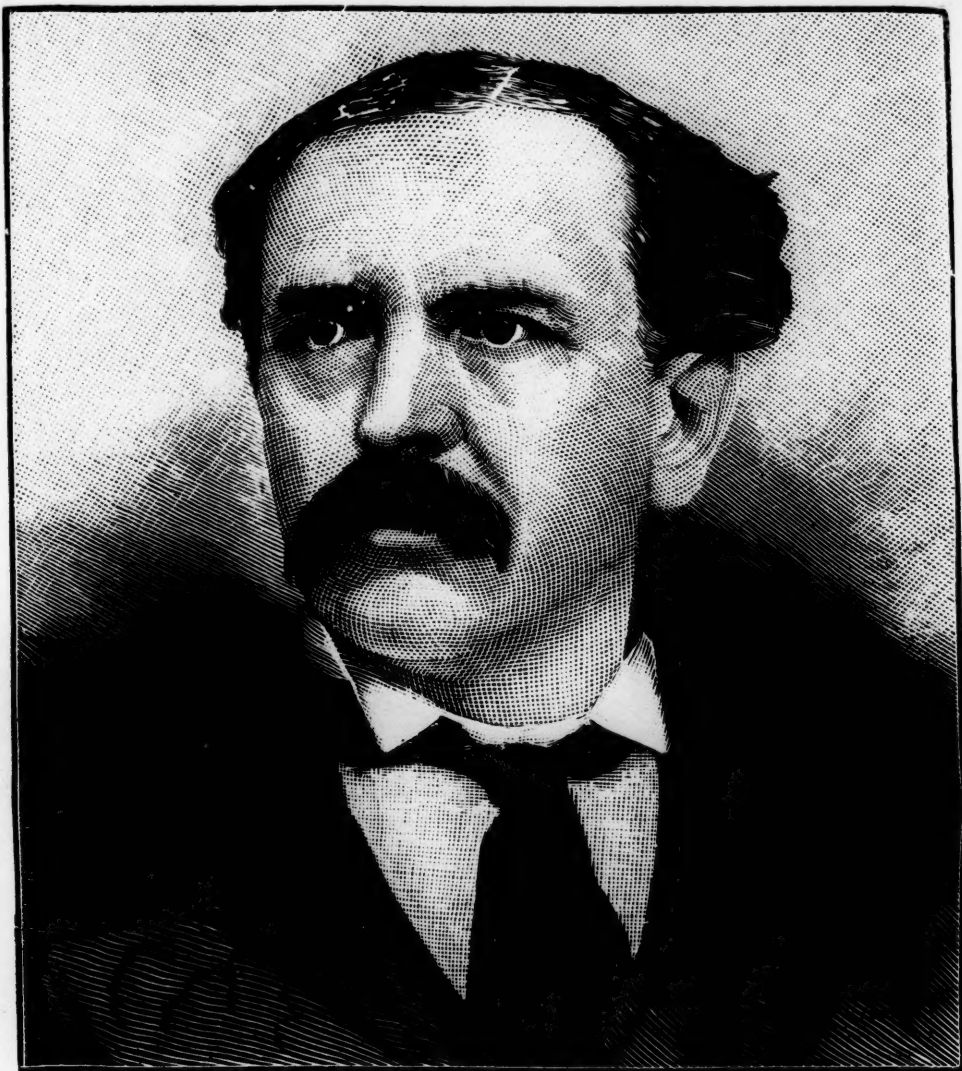
THE "WITCH OF WALL STREET," WHO COWDIED HER DAUGHTER'S SEDUCER; MILWAUKEE, WIS.

and interest than excessive smallness of stature would have done. In 1868 he married Miss Lavinia Warren, a pretty little Miss four years younger than himself. The couple went to England on their bridal tour and were granted

pleasantest actresses in her line. She possesses a good voice, a pretty face, a handsome figure, and knows how to use them. With these advantages it is no wonder she made such a mark for herself on her recent appearance here.

**THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.****IRENE PERRY.**

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]

**THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.****CHARLES BARRON.**

[Photo by Warren, Boston.]

**"WITCH AND SWITCH.**

MRS. GRACE COURTLAND, "THE WITCH OF WALL STREET," "CALLS" ON A WILWAUKEE YOUTH, AND "PUTS" IN SOME GOOD LICKS WITH A RAWHIDE.

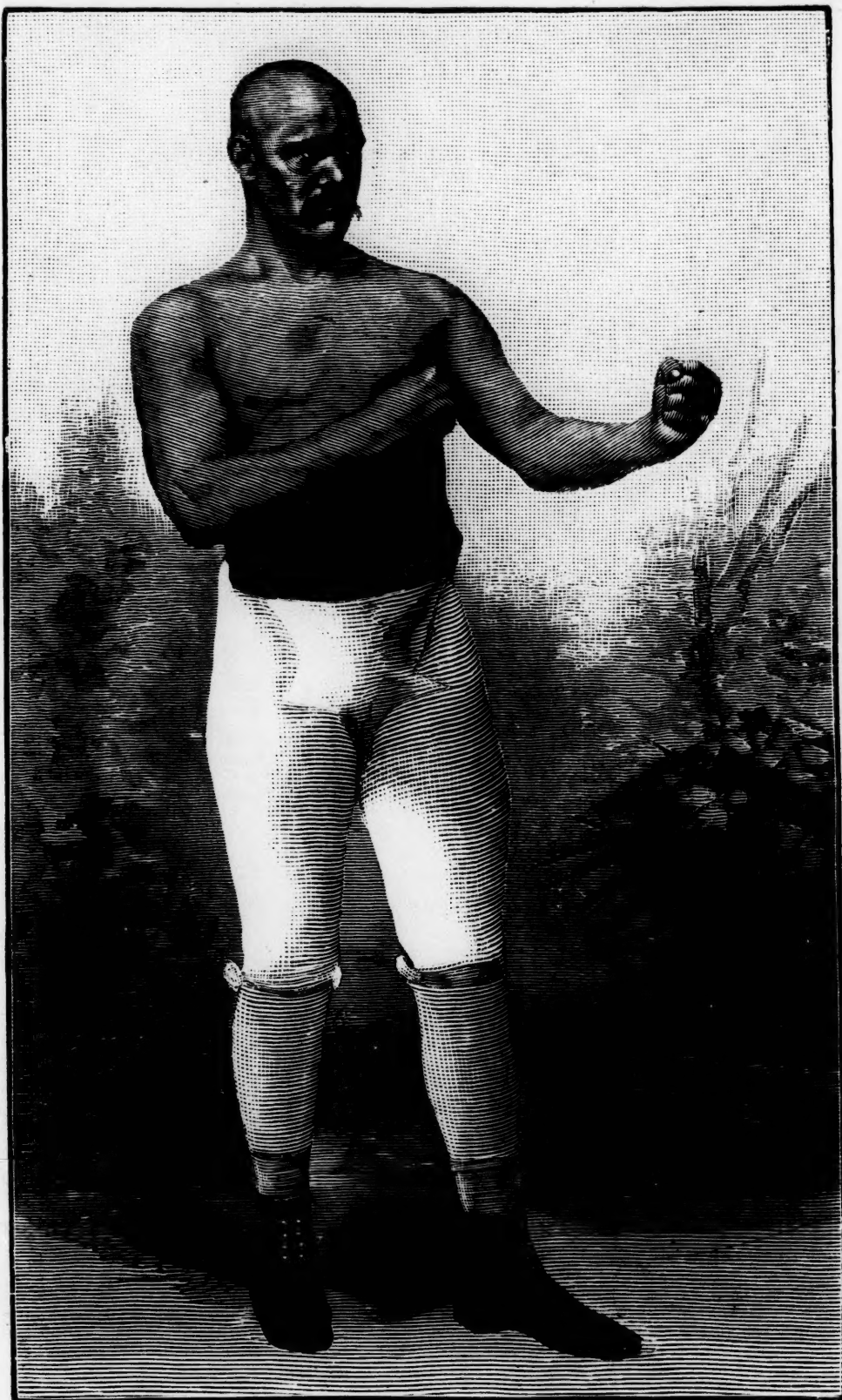
Tom Walling.

Tom Walling, the pugilist, was born at Manchester, Eng., on June 21, 1843. He stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighs in condition 145 pounds. Walling's first engagement in the "ring circle" was in 1860, with George Wilson, for \$5 a side. The battle was fought in England, and Walling won in 19 rounds, lasting 36 minutes. Since that time he has figured in nine prize ring encounters. On May 18, 1877, he fought Dick Mullenger, of Colorado, at Denver City, for \$100. Walling won after a long and desperate battle which lasted 2 hours and 48 minutes, 57 rounds being fought. Walling then decided to retire from the ring, but Bryan Campbell came from Leadville to Cool Creek, and in the famous O. K. Saloon challenged him to fight. A match was arranged for \$500 a side, and the pugilists met in a ring at Cool Creek, Col., on May 5, 1882, to fight for \$1,000, held by Richard K. Fox. The pugilists met in the ring, but could not agree upon a referee. Finally they and their backers had a meeting at Leadville, Col., and agreed that Mr. Fox should name the next time and place. He notified them that as every sporting man in Colorado seemed interested in the mill it would be impossible for him to select an impartial party there; therefore he notified them to meet at Evan Morris' hotel in Pittsburg, Pa., on June 28, where his representative would select the battle ground. The pugilists finally met in West Virginia on the morning of June 28. The fight lasted 51 minutes, and resulted in Walling being knocked out.

Since Walling fought Campbell he time and again tried to arrange a match with his conqueror, but failed. He then issued a general challenge to fight any one in Colorado, and Jack Hanley accepted the challenge and they signed articles to fight.

C. A. C. Smith.

The latest sensation in the prize ring arena is C. A. C. Smith, the heavyweight colored champion pugilist of Port Huron, Mich., now living at Albany, N. Y. Smith stands nearly six feet in height and weighs, untrained, 210 pounds, and trained he would fight in first class condition at 180 pounds. Smith is a pupil of John Mackay, the once noted pugilist of Windsor, Canada. For a number of years Smith has been engaged as a barber, and owned a first class place of business at Port Huron, Mich. Jack Stewart, the heavyweight champion pugilist of the Dominion, fell a victim to Smith's prowess in a boxing match, and the colored Hercules claimed the victory. Stewart posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and challenged Smith to fight him with or without gloves for \$1,000 a side. Hugh Riley, a noted sporting man of Albany, N. Y., agreed to back him to fight Stewart, and notified Mr. Fox of that fact. Smith sold out his business at Port Huron and removed to Albany, N. Y., where a number of sporting men were soon convinced that he was a first class pugilist, and at once went with him to Boston and tried to make arrangements for him to box with Sullivan, but the champion objected to meeting Smith on account of his color, and the party left Boston in disgust. Smith made a great

**C. A. C. SMITH,**

THE COLORED HEAVYWEIGHT PUGILIST, WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEET SULLIVAN OR ANY OTHER MAN.

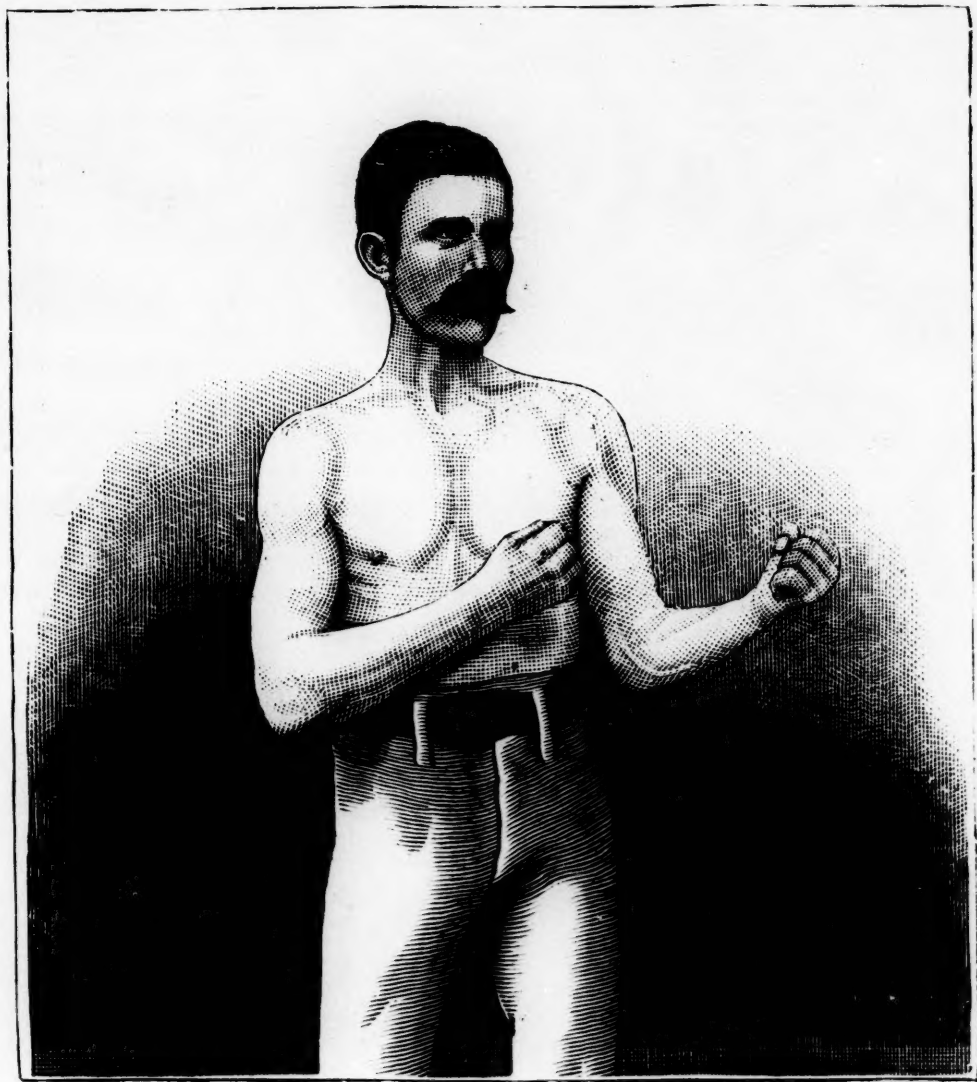
[Photo. by POLICE GAZETTE photographer, John Wood.]

impression by his gentlemanly demeanor, and a host of friends by his pluck. At the time Steve Taylor and Sullivan boxed at Albany Smith donned his fighting rig and went to the show ready to box Sullivan, and again the champion refused to meet him because he was colored. Since then Smith and his backers have fallen out on account of their failing to back him against Stewart. Smith being eager to fight with or without gloves, Mr. Richard K. Fox entered into a satisfactory agreement with him, and will match him to meet any pugilist in America. Smith is a powerful athlete and possessed of great muscular development. He trains daily, and is always in condition. If Sullivan will agree to box Smith the match can be arranged at any time; or if Sullivan refuses to meet him Smith's backer will match him to fight any pugilist in America at catchweight for the championship. Smith will box Slade or Jem Mace on their arrival, and if Mace or Slade's admirers want to wager Slade can outbox Smith they will find plenty of money at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

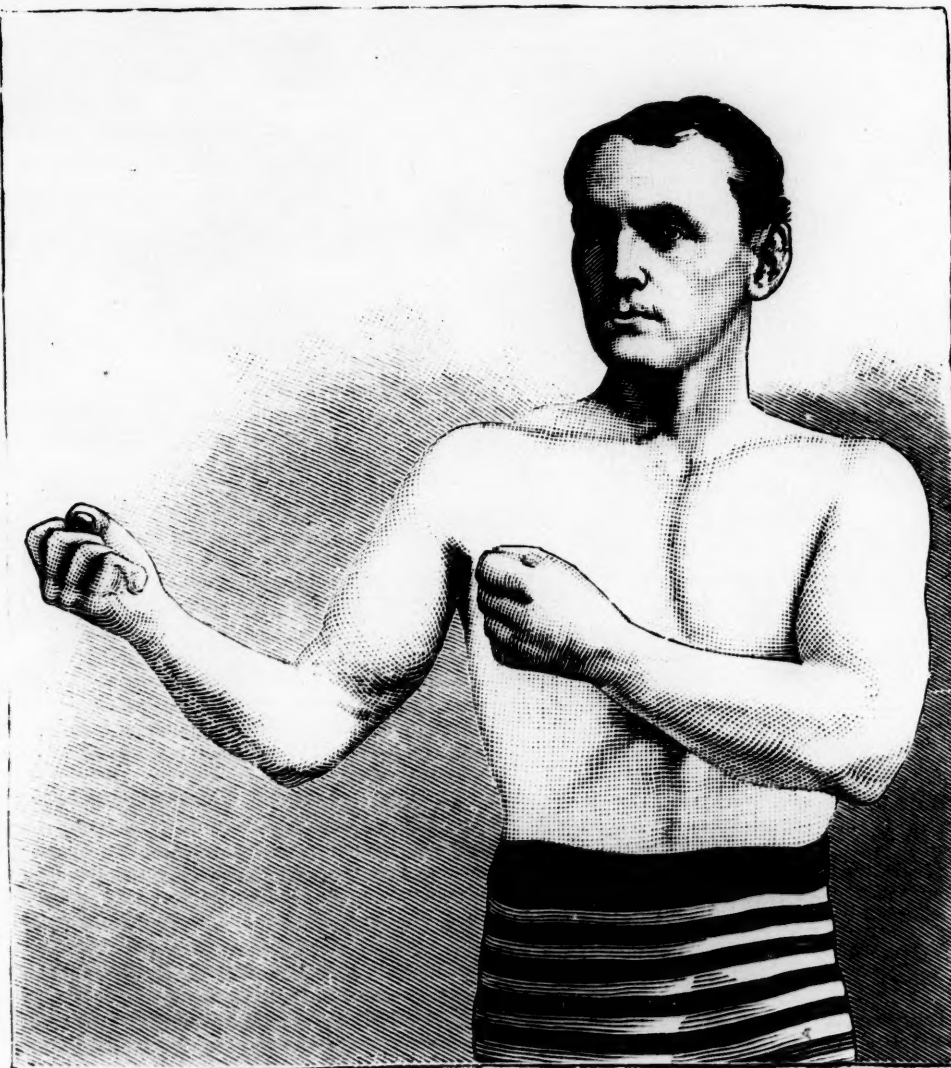
We do not see why Sullivan should refuse to arrange a match with Smith merely because he is a colored man. Bob Travers, the great pugilist, was a colored man, and he arranged matches with and fought some of the best pugilists in England. Smith boxed with the Black Diamond at Levantine's theatre, Albany, N. Y., on July 18.

The following is a condensed record of Smith's battles in the arena: Beat Jim Whalan, July, 1880, near Pittsburg, Pa., in 21 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 15 minutes. Beat Joseph Massey, near Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 16, 1880, in 6 rounds, 18 minutes. Beat Jack Chapel, at Bedford, O., June, 1870, in 12 rounds, lasting 17 minutes. Beat Jack Driscoll in July, 1879, at East Saginaw, Mich., in 3 rounds, lasting 9 minutes. Driscoll stood 6 feet 2 inches in height, and was better known as Silver Bill. Beat John Donaldson with gloves in 4 rounds, 12 minutes, at East Saginaw, Mich. Beat Bill Johnson at East Saginaw in 2 rounds, 4 minutes, August, 1881. Beat Dan Carr, Nov. 11, 1881, in 4 rounds, at Bay City, Mich. Beat Dan Carr in January, 1881, at East Saginaw, in 8 rounds, 24 minutes. Beat Jack Stewart, the heavyweight champion of Canada, with gloves, at Port Huron, Mich., Feb. 17, 1883. Stewart had been paid by sporting men of Port Huron to come on and knock Smith out. Smith fought him to a stand still in 3 rounds, and he left the stage. Robert Wright, the wrestler, of Detroit, Mich., induced Stewart to come back, and in the next round Smith knocked him out.

Hugh Riley then brought Smith on from Port Huron to fight the Black Diamond, but the match fell through. Smith was then matched against George Godfrey, the colored pugilist of Boston, Mass. Smith went to Boston and Godfrey refused to fight him. Smith then returned to Albany and was pitted against Charles Hadley, the winner of the POLICE GAZETTE colored champion medal. Hadley was to receive \$100 if he stood up and boxed Smith four three-minute rounds. Hadley only boxed three rounds, when he stopped. He is now to be matched to fight Jack Stewart for \$1,000 a side. Upon Smith's arrival in Albany he had set-tos with Prof. Corlin, Shipman (who had knocked out Dick Eagen, the "Troy Terror") and Amos Lavender, all of whom he defeated.

**TOM WALLING,**

THE COLORADO CHAMPION, MATCHED TO FIGHT JACK HANLEY.

**JACK HANLEY,**

THE KANSAS CITY PUGILIST, WHO HAS ACCEPTED TOM WALLING'S CHALLENGE.

SPORTING NEWS.

MAKING THE ROUNDS:
THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!

A startling revelation of Gotham's Dark Side, now being made with pen and pencil in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. Out every Saturday. Price 5 cents.

JOHNSTON, the pacing sensation of 1883, paced a mile for the \$2,000 purse, at Chicago on July 19, in 2:12 1/2.

THE wrestling match for \$1,000, between Edwin Bibby and Regal, at San Francisco, was won by Bibby.

JAMES LYNCH, who sparred with Mitchell in Albany lately, offers to bet \$500 that Mitchell cannot stop him in four rounds.

AMONG the sporting men who called at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week was E. L. Bradford, of Pittsburg, Pa.

GEORGE GAISEL has been matched to row three miles, with a turn, against Dennis D. Driscoll, of Lowell, Mass., for \$500. The race is to be rowed next week.

The special trotting race at Chicago July 19, between Clingstone and St. Julian, resulted in the latter jogging round the track for the \$1,000 stakes, Clingstone being lame.

ON July 19 at the Chicago trotting meeting, J. J. Case's (of Racine, Wis.), Phyllis defeated Maljolia, driven by John Murphy, of New York, and made a record of 2:10 1/2.

RICHBALL won the pacing race July 19, at Chicago, for the 220 class, covering the last mile in 2:13. Frank Sherwood, of Gainesville, Texas, finally bought Richball for \$10,000.

ALL the stakes, \$500 a side, in the 100-yard foot race, between P. J. Cannon and Harry Lewis, have been received by Richard K. Fox. The race takes place at Freedland, Pa., on July 26.

PADDY RYAN states that Sullivan will find him a ten per cent better pugilist when he meets him than he was on Feb. 7, 1882, when the telegraph pole fell on him in the ring in Mississippi.

AFTER the great set-to in England between Burke and Greenfield, the latter challenged Burke to box, and offered to wager \$500 to \$500. Burke, of course, refused to accept the challenge.

THE single scull race between Peter Priddy and Edward Moninger for \$500 was rowed over a two-mile course, with a turn, at Hullon, Pa., July 9. Priddy won by three lengths and a half in 14 minutes.

MITCHELL, the pugilist, attempted to stop Billy Lynn, the Leadville, Col., pugilist, recently at the Zoo, in Leadville. Lynn refused to stand up and take his gruel, and Mitchell, disgusted, refused to continue the contest.

ANDY HANLEY, the pugilist, who fought Mike Donnelly and Jimmy Gallagher, has returned to New York after an absence of seven years. Hanley looks well, and we suppose he will be challenging some of the lightweights.

CHARLES WHITTLE, of Waterbury, better known as Ed. Holske, defeated J. R. Leggett, of Canada, in a 50-mile walk for \$200 and gate money, on June 14, at the skating rink in Waterbury, Conn. Holske beat Leggett 8 miles in 40. Time, 7h 34m.

JAMES KEENAN, the noted sporting man of Boston, says he will "match an unknown, who is no earthly good," to run Wm. Cummings three miles for all the money the English champion wants to put up, if Cummings will allow his unknown 200 yards start.

JEM MACE and Herbert A. Slade arrived from England on the Alaska on July 15. Slade brought Jack Brighton, the ten-mile runner, with him to prepare him for his match with Mitchell, while Mace brought Harry Montague to look after his business, also a bulldog.

SLADE says that after his fight with Mitchell, he will challenge Sullivan. Slade may be compelled to take such a heavy dose of medicine on September 11, that all his ideas about fighting Sullivan may vanish. "After" he fights Mitchell it will be in order for him to challenge Sullivan.

HUGH BURNS, the middleweight lately imported from England by John Leary, wants to spar Sullivan, Mitchell or Sheriff four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for half the gate money and an outside bet of \$1,000, or to fight any of them with bare knuckles for any amount.

ON July 15 the go-as-you-please race between Ed. Jones, the champion Long Island sculler, and John McInnes, Jr., of Jersey City, took place for \$100 a side, and was won by McInnes. The distance was from Jersey City to the Smilie Mansion, Plainfield, N. J., 28 miles. Time 5 hours and 5 minutes.

MAURICE VIGNAUX and wife sailed for France on July 18 on the steamer Labrador. Maurice Daly and George Slosson are to follow. Schaefer on his return from the Pacific slope will also cross the ocean. We suppose there will be any number of "international billiard matches" on their arrival at Paris.

AT Wimbledon, Eng., on July 16 in the rifle contest for the St. Leger prize five of the contestants, including Hinman, of the American team, and Young and Gibbs, of the English team, made equal scores, 48 out of a possible 50. In shooting off the ties Hinman made the highest score and was awarded the prize.

ON July 17 the American team competed at Wimbledon, England, for the cup and £50 presented specially for their competition. They fired at 200, 500, and 600 yards. The highest scores were made by Joiner and Hinman, who tied. But as Joiner made the best score in last Thursday's shooting, he won the prize.

JULY 19, 1883, annual rifle shooting match for the Elcho shield, between teams representing England, Ireland and Scotland, at Wimbledon, England, won by the Irish team, beating the Scotch team eleven, and the English team thirty-six points. Score, Irish team, 1,600 points; Scotch team, 1,589, English team, 1,564.

AT Sweeney's "Murray Hill Handball and Racquet Court," No. 150 East 35th street, New York city, recently, the celebrated champions Philip Casey and Mr. Daniels played a match of five games against James Dunne and Wm. Courtney, which was very close and exciting, as will be seen by the following score, Casey and Daniels being the victors by one ace. Score 97 to 96.

AN interesting ten-mile boat race was rowed in New York harbor, on July 18, between David Dillon, of Staten Island, and Frederick Smith, of Red

Hook, N. Y. The course was from the Battery to and around Robbin's Reef and return. The contestants rowed in 19-foot working boats. The race was won by Dillon, who covered the distance in 1h 15m, beating Smith easily.

WE have received a letter from Col. Keenan, who keeps the Old Fountain, a noted sporting drum, at Little Catharine street London. He says American sporting men must not be carried away over the fighting abilities of Burke, the pugilist Mace has taken to America: that he is only a second class pugilist, and would not stand a ghost of a show in a prize ring encounter with Mitchell.

THERE appears to be a mania among the divers and jumpers, and nearly every day some diver or leaper calls upon Richard K. Fox to back him to jump from the Brooklyn bridge. Should Mr. Fox decide to offer any inducement for these Sam Pate's, he will insist that they furnish a coffin before hand and also put up a deposit to pay funeral expenses.—New York Daily News, July 18.

WM. MULDOON, the champion wrestler, after the Bibby and Rigal wrestling match at San Francisco, was introduced to the audience and authorized Billy Jordan to announce that he would accept the challenge of Mitchell, and box the English champion four rounds Marquis of Queensberry rules, for the \$500 Mitchell offered. The idea of the wrestler turning a pugilist will create quite a sensation. We suppose, as Mitchell is not going to the slope until after he meets Slade, that Muldoon will have a shy at Sullivan.

BILLY MADDEN writes that Mitchell has postponed his trip to San Francisco, Cal. He says it is no use Mitchell injuring his hands knocking out pugilists like he has been doing; that he will henceforth locate at Kansas City, and prepare for his battle with Slade. Madden has come to a very sensible conclusion, for if Mitchell had gone to San Francisco he would have to meet Muldoon, the latest "edillon" to the prize ring division, and he might have broken his wrist or injured his knuckles in taking the conceit out of some of the new would-be champions who challenged him.

LETTERS are lying at the POLICE GAZETTE office for the following: Prof. Wm. C. McClellan, Duncan C. Ross, Jimmy Murray, Homer Lane, Mlle. Von Blumen, Miss Ida Wallace, L. E. Myers (2), George Fullames (2), Frank C. Dobson, E. O. Ball, O. Lewis, Geo. W. Wingate, James Carlin, E. M. Hackett, Frank Rose, Henry W. Taylor, Dick Garvin, John Lacey, Clarence Whistler, Tom Cannon, Charles Collins, Louis R. Miller, George W. Moore, Henry Myers, Wm. Twiss, E. T. Johnston, Capt. Matthew Webb, Harry Jennings, D. F. Twomey, William Muldoon (2), Mike Cleary, William Cummings (2), William Elliott (ex-champion), Frank Seton.

WE take the following from the Craft, the organ of the Printers' Benevolent association. "The Printers' Benevolent association takes this means of returning thanks to Mr. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the New York POLICE GAZETTE, for the handsome and costly emblem which he has presented for competition in the one hour go-as-you-please race at our games on the 28th July, at the Empire City Colosseum. The medal is unique in design, and will amply repay the winner for his struggle to secure it. Mr. Fox has more than once manifested his interest in the welfare of the Printers' Benevolent association, an interest which we shall ever gratefully remember."

THE following agreement explains itself: Articles of agreement, entered into July 12, 1883, between Dennis Gallagher and Mortimer Waters, both of Buffalo. We, the said Gallagher and Waters, do hereby agree to wrestle a mixed match according to the "Police Gazette" rules for mixed wrestling for \$100 a side and net door receipts, said match to be wrestled in Buffalo, at St. James Hall, on or before July 27, 1883. Said Gallagher has now deposited \$50 with E. W. Drew, of the Evening News, and said Waters agrees to deposit \$50 with the News by 6 P. M., July 13.

Signed, M. S. WATERS, DENNIS GALLAGHER.

Gallagher is the wrestler who won second prize in the POLICE GAZETTE wrestling tournament at Buffalo.

IN a letter to Richard K. Fox, George W. Atkinson, of the Sporting Life, London, says Wm. Sheriff is the next best pugilist to Mitchell, and that Burke is a pugilist like Hugh Burns, and that none of them stand a 25 to 1 chance against Mitchell. Bill Richardson, in a letter, says: "I have backed all the great fighters in my day, including Mace, but there is not a pugilist in England among the middle or heavy weights, except young Mitchell, that I would back to fight for a pot of half-and-half. Mitchell is of the right stock, and a game 'un to the roots of his hair, but he is young, and wants more weight and age. I told Pony Moore, when he was going to America, to back the little 'un against all comers. Slade is likely looking for a big 'un, but there is no Sayers, Mace or Goss stock about him, and if Mitchell is well on the day fixed for the 'go,' I think it is 2 to 1 on the little 'un.'"

THE employees of Bencke Brothers, the POLICE GAZETTE champion athletic shoemakers, of the corner of Canal and Mulberry streets, New York, held their first athletic games and picnic at Bellevue Park, New York, on July 16, over 200 workmen participating. Over \$300 in gold and silver medals and cash prizes were offered. The first event was a one-mile run for amateurs only. The first prize, a gold medal, was won by J. F. Delaney. Time, 4m 55s. The four-mile heel-and-toe walk was won by Edward McGinty, who took the prize, \$15. A 100-yard spin was won by J. Burghman, who carried off a gold medal. Prizes were also won by Edward and John McDonald, T. J. Sheridan, Bernard Smith, Philip Zeller and others. Then followed an exhibition race by Patrick Fitzgerald, the long distance pedestrian, Norman Taylor and young Hegeman.

THE following parties called on Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House during the week: Paddy Fitzgerald, pedestrian; Robert Turnbull, R. E. Pfeiter, champion swimmer; Gus Hill, John Leary, Tom Draper, James Pilkington, Tom McAlpine, Ed. F. Mallahan, Joe Coburn, Jimmy Murray, Steve Taylor, John D. Kerr, New Haven; Thomas Moran, New Haven; Michael H. Fitch, New Haven; Superintendent Walling, New York Police Department; Detective Wade, New York; Roundsmen Brennan, winner of POLICE GAZETTE medal for five-mile race; Officer Wade, Fourth precinct; Bennie Greene, Bob Smith, James Keenan, Boston; Charlie Norton, E. C. Holske, pedestrian; Harry Martin, James B. Darragh, Boston, Mass.; Joseph Hagan, diamond merchant; Nick Langdon, George Bartholomew, Dr. L. C. Thomas, Sergeant Grant, Fourth precinct.

THE glass ball shooting match between teams of six men of the Richard K. Fox "Police Gazette" Gun club, of Stillwater, Saratoga county, N. Y., and the Hoosick Falls Central Gun club, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., was decided at Stillwater, N. Y., on July 17. Considerable interest was manifested in the match, and there was brisk speculation on the result. The conditions were to shoot from Devenport rotary traps at 15 yards rise, trap placed behind a screen, and each of

the six men to shoot at 15 glass balls. The match was closely contested, and after some capital shooting the Richard K. Fox "Police Gazette" Gun club won. The following are the scores:

R. K. Fox "Police Gazette" Gun club—Stillwater.	Broke.
Geo. B. Whitman.....	11
C. B. Bradt.....	8
W. S. Pitney.....	9
S. Whitman.....	12
V. E. Arnold.....	14
E. Van Dercar.....	14
	68

Hoosick Falls Central Gun club.	Broke.
Chas. H. Palmer.....	10
Chas. Young.....	10
John Holton.....	7
W. G. Haley.....	10
W. Mills.....	11
P. Carney.....	10
	58

A LARGE crowd of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office on July 16 to witness the arranging of a single scull race between George Gaisel, of New York, and Wm. Elliott, the ex-champion oarsman of England. Neither of the oarsmen were present. Elliott was represented by his backer, James Keenan, of Boston, and Gaisel by James Pilkington. After a short discussion the preliminaries were arranged, each posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and signed the following agreement:

NEW YORK, July 16, 1883.
We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to row a three-mile single scull race, with a turn, for \$300 (three hundred dollars) a side. The race to be rowed on Monday, Aug. 6, 1883, at a place to be hereafter named. Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be final stakeholder. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$100 (one hundred dollars) a side is now posted, and the balance of the stakes shall be posted on Monday, Aug. 6, 1883, at the POLICE GAZETTE office. The race to be rowed between noon and 4 o'clock P. M. The men to start from stakeboats anchored 25 yards apart and to turn stakeboats 25 yards apart at the mile and a half. Mr. Wm. F. McCoy, of 91 South street, New York city, to be referee, and his decision to be final and without appeal. The race to be rowed on smooth water, and the judges and referee to decide that the water is smooth. The rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen to govern the race.

Signed, JAS. KEENAN, For William Elliott.
ROBERT TURNBULL, JAS. PILKINGTON.
W. E. HARDING, For George Gaisel.

THE five-mile foot race for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, representing the championship of the Police Department, offered by Richard K. Fox, was completed for at Sulzer's Harlem River park, on July 18. A tremendous crowd assembled to witness the affair, and great interest was manifested over the race. The principals were George Brennan, of the Fourteenth Precinct, and Thomas Wade, of the Fourth Precinct. James Pilkington, the noted athlete and oarsman of the Golden Oar, Harlem, was the referee. Wade, who it is claimed can run five miles in 27 minutes, was the favorite at 2 to 1. At the start there was considerable money wagered, both men having numerous supporters. Brennan took the lead from the start, and made the first mile in 5:47 1/2. Wade following closely at his heels. The second mile was completed by Brennan in 11:44, with Wade five yards in the rear. The race so far appeared to be a pretty even thing, but at the end of the third mile, which Brennan finished in 17:50, Wade was attacked by a severe stitch in the side and came to a halt. By the time that he had recovered himself sufficiently to proceed, Brennan was a lap and a half ahead, and was puffing away at a fast gait, with the perspiration streaming from under the ragged old bathing hat he wore, and wearing a smile of serene confidence in his lead. Wade made only one more spurt, and then caught another stitch, which finished him. He left the track with a record of 3 miles and 1 lap to his credit. Brennan finished his fourth mile in 21:28, and his fifth in the excellent time of 31:20. Wade will probably challenge Brennan to race again for the medal, as all champion medals offered by Richard K. Fox are not to become the absolute personal property of the holder until it has been won three times.

PROF. C. A. C. SMITH, the colored heavyweight champion pugilist, was tendered a benefit at the Grand Central theatre, Troy, N. Y., on July 16, which, in spite of the heavy storm, was fairly attended. The Trojans were treated to a first class show, and James Kilgovan, the noted sporting man of Troy, was the M. C. The first event was a rattling set-to of four rounds between the Costello Brothers, who are both promising young pugilists. Gus Hill, the premier club swinger, gave a capital exhibition of club swinging, and was loudly applauded. The champion local pugilists of the American House followed and boxed four rounds. Gus Hill and Steve O'Donnell then wrestled, best two in three, collar-and-elbow, in harness. O'Donnell, who is a great favorite with the Troy sporting men, has recently defeated Carroll, of Hoosick Falls. The contest was watched with eager interest, and when O'Donnell threw Hill twice he was loudly cheered. Williams, the colored champion who Woodson, the Black Diamond, defeated, and an Unknown from Cincinnati, then boxed four rounds, and the bout created great merriment. The closing event was a sparring match, three rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, between Harry Woodson, the Black Diamond, the champion of middleweights, and Smith, the Phenomenon. The contest created quite a sensation. Smith proved to be a wonder. He used both hands, was a good judge of distance, and his blows landed heavy and quick. Woodson fought on the defensive, and it kept him moving to keep out of the reach of Smith's well directed and powerful blows. The set-to demonstrated that the Black Diamond was no match for the heavyweight colored champion. Every one went away satisfied with the show, and Peter Curley was so carried away with Smith's boxing that he said he would give him his theatre free at any time for an exhibition. The Diamond and Smith were to have boxed on the 18th at Levantine's theatre, Albany, but Chief of Police Magee being informed that the pugilists were to go at it and knock one another out, refused to allow them to appear.

THE rowing sensation of 1883 is over, and Edward Hanlan has again proved, by defeating Wallace Ross, that he is still the champion of the two hemispheres. The race between Hanlan and Ross for \$5,000 and the championship of the world was rowed at Ogdensburg, N. Y., on Wednesday, July 18, over a four-mile course—two miles and return. Prior to the race many rumors were circulated about how fast Ross would row, etc., but the POLICE GAZETTE announced that after the race was over it would be the usual cry: "Hanlan won easily." The race needs no description for it was a funeral procession. At the start Hanlan took the water first and shot ahead, and maintained the lead to the end. On the way back he stopped to lap water from the river with his hand, He

turned the stakeboat 38 1/2 seconds in the lead, his time being 1m 12 1/2 s. Most of the time he was making 32 strokes per minute. All the way down the home-stretch Hanlan, who took the outer line of the course, increased his lead, and came in at the end of the four miles in 27m 37 1/2 s. Ross' time was 28m 45s. This is the official time. Mr. John Flanagan, of Utica, and your correspondent, who were on the same boat with the referee, made the time thus: Hanlan, 27m 38s; Ross, 28m 10s. Hanlan was so far ahead that many people had their eyes on Ross and Lee pulling a little behind him, and actually thought the champion was beaten. This delusion gave rise to the report that Ross had won, and such an announcement was telegraphed abroad. It was, however, quickly contradicted. At the close of the race all the boats began whistling again in one grand chorus. The people on the shore and on the boats caught up the sounds and increased them many fold. It was something the like of which was never heard on the St. Lawrence before. The time made by Hanlan is the best on record, the previous best on record having been made by M. F. Davis, at Silver Lake, Mass., on Oct. 3, 1873, and that was 28m 6 1/2 s. With regard to the difference of time Courtney is reported to have made it 27m 2s, and Hanlan, who had a watch with him, says that 27m 3s is nearer correct than the official time. Sporting men did not win much money, as the betting was \$100 to \$40 on Hanlan, and there were few who cared about furnishing the short end. Judges at finish—R. Sutherland, Toronto, for Hanlan; Ed. Ross, of St. John, N. B., for Wallace Ross. Judges at turn—R. Melville, of Prescott, for Hanlan; I. W. Firth, of St. John, for Ross. Time-keepers—F. W. Mack, of Auburn, and A. G. McVey, of Boston. The referee was Mr. John E. Eastis, of New York, and John R. Davis, of Windsor, was judge for Hanlan.

ONE of the most remarkable glove fights on record was fought on May 28, at the Academy of Music, Sydney, Australia. The principals were Larry Foley, the champion pugilist of Australia, and Prof. Wm. Miller, of Melbourne, formerly of New York, the famous boxer, athlete and wrestler. They fought for a \$500 trophy, Marquis of Queensberry rules. The affair created a great sensation, and sporting men from all parts of Australia paid for admission to witness the affair. Foley came to the mark in capital condition, weighing 154 lbs. Miller weighed 191 lbs, being 37 lbs heavier than the champion. Foley's backers did not think Miller's extra avoirdupois made any difference, and stuck to their man, making him the favorite at \$100 to \$50. Thousands of dollars were invested, Miller's admirers readily accepting the odds. The fight was one of the most desperate ever witnessed, and the pugilists punished each other terribly. The form Miller displayed, and his straight hitting and countering, showed a danger light to the backers of Foley, but they continued to back him until thirty rounds had been fought, when Miller was made the prime favorite at 6 to 4. In the thirty-second round Miller punished Foley severely, drawing claret freely. At this stage the referee recommended a stoppage of the contest, but no notice was taken. In the next round, Foley led without result, Miller landing heavily on his front piece and again drawing blood. This round was much in favor of Miller, Foley being all to pieces. The thirty-fourth was a slack round, Foley sparring for time and Miller taking matters easily. In the thirty-fifth round Foley's hands were low from exhaustion. Miller put in good work, amid cries of "Go it, Miller!" Foley then called on Miller to toe the mark and fight it out. The thirty-sixth was a slack round, both men sparring the time out. In the next round Miller was soon at work, knocking Foley all over the ring, when the crowd became very excited. In the thirty-eighth round, after some rapid exchanges, Foley rushed at Miller, knocking him down against the ropes, amid great cheering. Miller led off on the thirty-ninth round, Foley getting away and sparring for wind, the round finishing quietly. In the fortieth round Foley, having recovered his senses, owing to Miller's clemency, he made some show of sparring, and of avoiding punishment, but Miller at length losing patience, administered a terrific right-handed blow under the ear, which sent Foley helpless to the floor in a heap, thus, for a second time, virtually finished the contest, and the same discreditable roughs rushed on the stage, back and front, and a free fight instantly began in Kilkenny cat fashion. A more disgraceful scene has seldom been witnessed on any similar occasion, though the police managed to put a stop to it when too late. In the meantime a pretence was made to set Foley on his legs, as if for another round, which some claim to call a forty-first. But the ring being filled with other combatants, he staggered across to Miller's corner, shook his hand in a dazed but manly manner, and was then hustled away in a cab. Miller remained long enough in the ring to maintain his right of victory, and retired with Christie to his dressing room, comparatively as fresh as paint, although he had been fighting 2 hours and 50 minutes. Foley's face resembled a butcher's chopping block, and he was frightfully punished. The referee finally decided that the contest be considered a draw, but the men not to fight again in defiance of the signed articles; that the affair must be positively brought to a final issue within 72 hours after any interruption or interference. From information received, we are prepared to explain that this means in reality the receipts by Professor Miller of the whole or a major portion of the battle money. We believe only the latter, and that Foley's backers thus back out of paying their bets. A more thoroughly un-British, un-sportsmanlike finish to a game contest we never knew. Of Foley himself we have only to say that he battled like a hero for his own honor and his friends' money, and had the verdict been left to himself, so soon as he had time to gather himself together after his defeat by a more powerful adversary, he would have declared: "I have had fair play, and you must pay." His defeat by a modern Hercules is no disgrace. But the laurels he so bravely earned are withered through the love of money shown by a limited, though influential portion of his pretended friends. On this point we shall have something more to say next week, our space being already over occupied with what we had hoped to record as an all-round credit to genuine manly sport. Before concluding, however, we wish to re-echo the admiration so universally expressed by Prof. Miller's behavior throughout the preparation for the contest, and during the contest itself he took the utmost pains to get himself ready for the encounter with an antagonist whose antecedents were enough to daunt a non-professional like himself. He proved his fitness by the way he came off unharmed after a severe bout of nearly three hours' duration. Moreover, his manly conduct in the roped arena has earned him the respect of all whose respect is worth caring for, and he can well afford to despise the conduct of that limited class who go in for a win, a tie, or a wrangle.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

MAKES A COOLING DRINK.

Into half a tumbler of ice water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.

A PRIZE fight has been arranged between Albert Cannon, of New York, and Jack Wagner, of Pittsburgh, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$250 a side. The fight is to be decided within 100 miles of Pittsburgh, on Aug. 7. Cannon is a glass house black mith and is a brother-in-law of Wagner, who is a chimney glass blower at Challinor, Hogan & Co.'s factory. Cannon stated that he desired to fight a rough and tumble in a room, but Wagner declined this, and insisted on a Marquis of Queensberry mill. To settle the question the parties tossed a copper, when Wagner won and chose the latter mode. Cannon is a bright looking young fellow, tough and wiry. His opponent is a larger man, both in height and weight.

CHARLEY MITCHELL recently offered \$500 to any pugilist in Leadville that would stand before him four three-minute rounds. Denny Hayes accepted the challenge. The affair was decided at Manager Foster's Zoo theatre. Jerry Mahoney and Johnny Murphy seconded Hayes, and Billy Madden attended Mitchell. Bryan Campbell was referee. Hayes proved a plucky pugilist, for he stood a terrible amount of pounding, and did face Mitchell four rounds. Hayes hailed from Syracuse, N. Y.; stands 5 feet 6 1/2 inches, and weighed 150 pounds. Mitchell said he was the pluckiest pugilist he ever met.

CHARLEY NORTON, the lightweight champion pugilist, will hold a grand sporting picnic at Shooting Park, South Orange Av., Newark, on Wednesday, August 15. On this occasion he will offer a gold medal for the featherweight championship of America, which will bring together all the best men. The conditions will be four rounds, POLICE GAZETTE rules to govern. Among the noted pugilists who will compete Joe Fowler, Joe Wooley, Charley McCoy, Tony Belgium and Frank Lyman have already entered to compete for the trophy. Entries will close at Charley Norton's "Police Gazette" Shades, Market street, Newark, on August 11.

THE Watkins Regatta Association have made arrangements for the holding of a professional and amateur regatta on Seneca Lake, N. Y., on August 14 and 15. Hanlan has advised the committee that he will positively take part in the professional race, the prizes for which will be \$300, \$200 and \$100. Courtney will also be a contestant, and negotiations are in progress with Ross, Lee, Hosmer and other professionals. The amateur races will be for four-oared and paired crews, and senior and junior scullers, and as the regatta takes place in the week following the National, at Newark, N. J., it will afford Western crews an opportunity of meeting again on their homeward journey.

THE great wrestling match for the championship of England, Cornwall and Devonshire style, was decided at Liskeard, Eng., on June 16. The principals were Samuel Rundle, of Plymouth, and James Gerry, of Linkinhorne. The match was contested on a hilly piece of ground, with the result that before either man had time to thoroughly grip his opponent they were among the spectators. Gerry is about 25 years of age, 180 lbs. in weight and has vanquished all the best men in America, including Tom Karkeek, the winner of 87 first prizes, and he has also thrown many men in Cornwall. Rundle is so well known that little need be said of him. He has thrown nearly all the wrestling men in Devon and Cornwall, including Pike, Hutchings, Bragg, and Battershill, and has also played and won several private matches in Devon, London, and Newcastle. He is about 35 years of age, and weighs 78 1/2 lbs. This was his first match in Cornwall. Gerry stands about 5ft 11in, in height, whereas Rundle is only about 5ft 5in. After playing 19 rounds, showing some good sport, Rundle fell; Gerry fell on him, and so injured one of his legs that the former was unable to continue the play.

THE PRESIDENT DRAWS \$30,000 IN THE LOTTERY.

This would be the "boss" advertisement should the President on his visit to the Louisville Exposition purchase a ticket in the Commonwealth Distribution Co. there, and in witnessing the popular monthly drawing which always had taken place July 31st, see the number on his ticket pulled from the wheel with the \$30,000 prize drawn to its number, or he might draw the \$10,000 or \$5,000 prizes, for there are 1,980 prizes to be drawn, amounting to \$112,400. Tickets only cost \$2 each. They were obtained by addressing R. M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

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The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts and Elect. appliances on trial for thirty days to men, young or old, who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedily and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

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GOOD NEWS FROM TEXAS.

Mr. THOMAS A. HOWARD, of Honey Grove, Fannin County, Texas, under date of April 5, 1883, writes as follows:—"I have been suffering during several years from severe illness, and a general breaking down of my physical system, and have tried the treatment and prescriptions of many doctors far and near, and travelled to the Hot Springs and other mineral springs famous for their remedial qualities, drinking the waters and bathing systematically in their healing depths, but all to no avail, as I steadily failed in health; and although informed by my physicians that my ailments and weaknesses were the result of kidney disease of a dangerous character, they could give me nothing to cure me. During the past two years my sufferings at times were dreadful, and I had the most indescribable pains in the regions about the kidneys, the paroxysms of which were so severe as to render it impossible for me to sleep. While in this deplorable and discouraged condition I was persuaded to try Hunt's Remedy, and after using less than half a bottle my great sufferings and paroxysms of pain were entirely relieved, and I could sleep better and longer than I had in two years before, and although I am now on my third bottle only my improvement is very remarkable, and I regret that I did not know of the wonderful curative powers of Hunt's Remedy before, as it would have saved me years of suffering. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted with any kidney disease or disease of the urinary organs."

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March 14, 1883.

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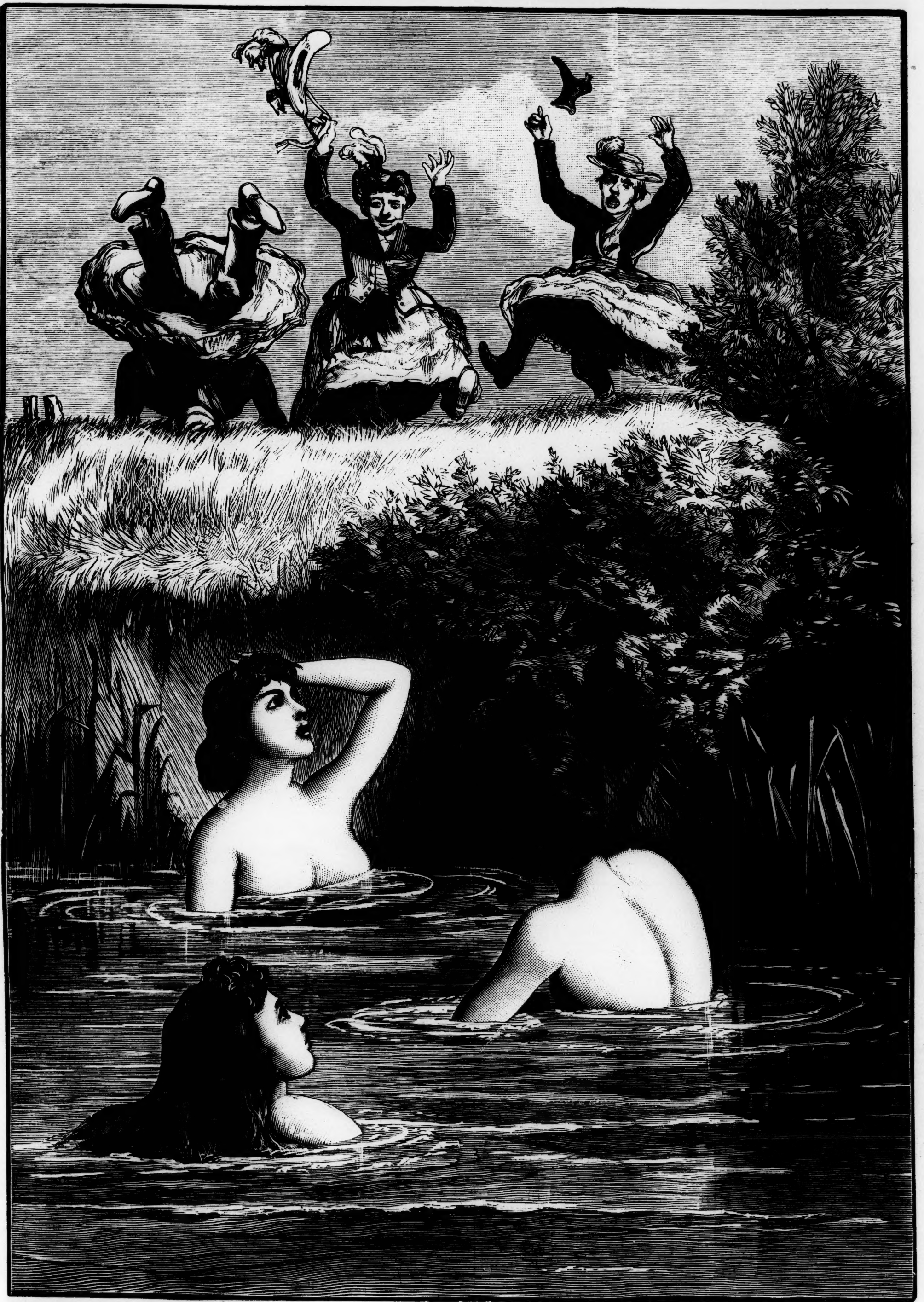
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